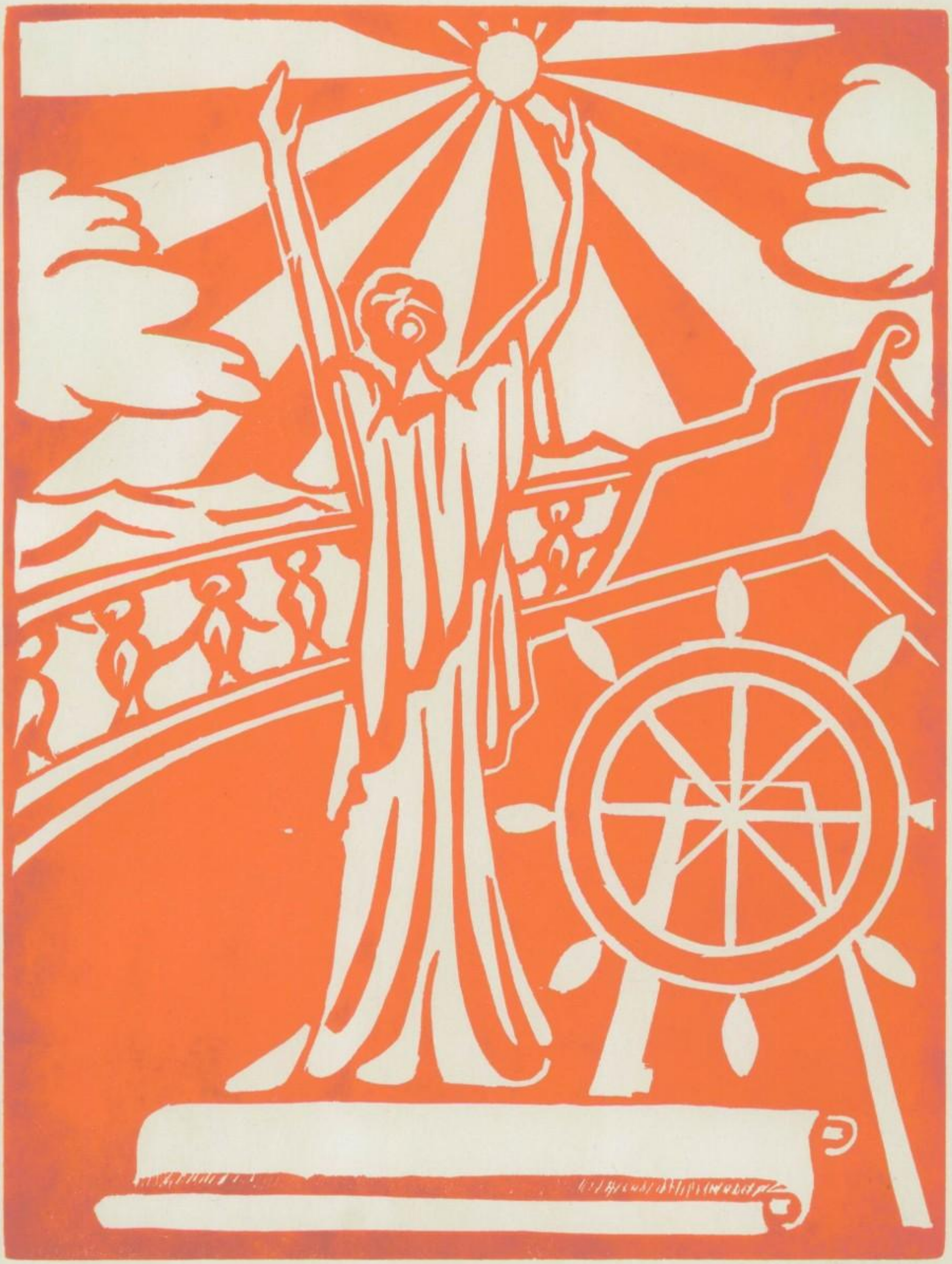
EASTERN·HIGH·SCHOOL·
BALTIMORE

E. Lenore Mead

Class A



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ALTIORA PETO
EHS
34
M.E.N.

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STUDENTS OF THE EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL

Volume 16 Number 3

Camera studies—

of individuality—

and charm—

by

Cecelia Norfolk Jarecksor

411 NORTH CHARLES STREET

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To Mrs. Ross Allison Parrish

Ever since the great ship '34 was launched, our pilot, Mrs. Parrish, has been near to steer us through perilous waters. Now the time has come for us to go on without her competent and loyal guidance. She is ready to launch us upon the great, uncharted future. May the enthusiasm and the desire to seek the higher things with which she has inspired each one of us be with us to guide us always in the future.

Miss Laura J. Cairnes

As the S. S. '34 comes safely and happily to the end of its cruise through Eastern, we turn with grateful hearts to Miss Cairnes, who like a beacon light, has pointed out the rocks and shoals ahead, so that our ship has safely passed by them. Although the sea of life o'er which we must sail may be dark and hazardous, her firm yet understanding guidance will influence us in bringing our own frail barks successfully to port.

Miss A. Marguerite Zouck

When the seas were rough and the passengers dismayed, it was Miss Zouck, who, standing near the helm, gave us assistance and encouragement. She also made our lighter hours more enjoyable. The memory of her friendship, her understanding, and her sympathy will always be dear to us.

CAPTAIN
ELIZABETH HOGAN

FIRST MATE
BETTY LEE ROCHFORT

SECOND MATE
LORETTA RITZ

PURSER
CHARLOTTE MARX

PURSER
ANNE WOLLMAN

CLASS
OFFICERS

Eastern High School
June 1, 1934

Dear Girls of '34,

On the cruise which you have just completed you have allowed me to be your guide and, I hope, your friend. On the voyage which you are about to begin I can no longer be with you except in thought; and as thoughts are elusive things, not always reaching the point for which they are intended, I'm sending a little letter for you to read as you embark.

This voyage has been a pleasant one for me; and I trust all of you can look back on it with happiness. True - it was not just a pleasure cruise. Frequently we have had to work hard to steer between Scylla and Charybdis. Some of you, like another "weary, way-worn wanderer," have had to lash yourselves to the mast or stop your ears with cotton in order to withstand the lure of various sirens - and some, alas, have left us because they could not withstand the lure.

Most of you, however, are starting on your new journey much better sailors because of your experiences. Though the waters of this untried sea will not always be smooth, may the voyage be a happy one, a prosperous one, an honorable one!

And now we who are left behind will stand on shore and wave our hands in farewell and Godspeed. After we have faded from sight, will you remember this little message?

"In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee - are all with thee!"

Ever your friend,
Mary Moore Parrish

President's Farewell Message

"And what is so rare as a day in June
Then if ever come perfect days"—

June days are perfect—especially when one is a Senior and is preparing to bid farewell, perhaps forever, to all the hard work which school has meant! It is amazing to think of those twelve years which have preceded this wonderful month—the work that we did in grammar school, still more work in junior high, and then, in senior high, that peculiar blend of work and pleasure. We realize that there has been a great deal of pleasure in our last four years. In fact, those are the things which stand out when we recall memories of the past.

Freshman year is somewhat blurred in our thoughts. We can remember only a large group of girls rather ignorant as to the social life of Eastern High School, but working hard and hoping steadfastly that the years would speed by so that they would soon be recognized as upper classmen. Our social life at Eastern began in the sophomore year when, in February, with the presentation of our adviser and dearest friend, we became an organized class. From that month we began to grow steadily. Having adopted the motto "We seek the higher things," we determined to live up to our choice. Our class play proved that we had started on the road to success. Junior year brought, in swift succession, a wonderful benefit show, our Junior play, the basketball championship title, our first exciting prom, and a marvelous boat ride. By this time we were doubtful if any year could be more pleasant than this. We learned only too soon that one could be. And it has been; nothing ever will be quite so wonderful as this year—quite so perfect as these last few months. Each event has been thrilling—even our glorious basketball defeat by the Juniors. February prom, farewell assembly, senior play, June prom, the boat ride—each memory recalls some incident hidden away in our thoughts.

But this is no time for recalling memories. We should be looking forward now—looking into the future. For graduation is but a span which connects two phases of our life. We have completed one part, our schooling. The other is waiting for us, holding golden opportunities for us. It is our duty to enter this new life, ever seeking the higher things and carrying with us the ideals which we have received from Eastern High School. Graduation will give us a chance to think—and then we will be engulfed with glowing recollections of the past. Then "cherished thoughts will dim the eye" as we recall each "old companion and Eastern's green and gold."

Now is the time to say farewell to Eastern—its familiar daily routine, its well-remembered halls, and all those things which mean Eastern. But although the time has come to say farewell to this dear, revered, old school, I cannot say it to you, friends and classmates. I can only say, "Bon voyage." May you always hold Eastern and '34 deep in your heart, cherishing them as rarest treasures.

ELIZABETH HOGAN

ALTIORA PETO
EHS

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

Permit the bearers of these passports safely and freely to pass, and in case of need give all lawful aid and assistance.

Given under the hand and the seal of the Faculty of the Eastern High School.

Passports of Passengers on the S. S. '34

Sailing February 13, 1934

Name: Thelma Abrams
Address: 1629 East Pratt Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Greenish gray
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
A cheerful disposition
Intentions: To be married in an aeroplane

Name: Margaret Mae Berner
Address: 125 North Hare Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Arguing
Intentions: Always honorable

Name: Carlotta Lester Alderman
Address: 3107 Ravenwood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1½ inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Titian
Distinguishing mark:
Unselfish disposition
Intentions: Secretarial

Name: Clara Bestry
Address: 1710 East Pratt Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Black clothes
Intentions: "To live pure, speak true, right wrong"

Name: Othelia Bass
Address: 2234 Harford Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Wavy brown
Distinguishing mark:
Always seen with Evelyn
Intentions: To be Robert Montgomery's nurse

Name: Ora Iva Blum
Address: 1604 North Chester Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Long-lashed brown eyes
Intentions: Commercial career

Name: Grace Lee Bauer
Address: 2114 Cliftwood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Green
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
A "City" ring
Intentions: The same as Gosnell's

Name: Ruth Elizabeth Bowen
Address: 2230 East Hoffman Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
"Itty Bitty 'Pider"
Intentions: Never to be an old maid

Name: Gladys Benner
Address: 1118 North Milton Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Pleasant smile
Intentions: To become a private secretary

Name: Margaret Ellen Bowen
Address: 5005 Holder Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Grace Ditman
Intentions: To tour Venice in a gondola

Name: Mildred Virginia Braun
Address: 1627 Darley Avenue
Description:
Height: 4 feet, 11½ inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Height
Intentions: To grow taller

Name: Anne Elizabeth Carrigan
Address: 3509 Bank Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Long blonde hair
Intentions: To enter training school for nurses

Name: Margaret Carolyn Bruening
Address: 3707 Ridgecraft Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
"Did you get that French?"
Intentions: To be a good stenographer

Name: Antoinette Castiglia
Address: 1100 North Patterson Park Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Bair: Black and wavy
Distinguishing mark:
Capability
Intentions: To be a successful business woman

Name: Mary Elsie Brunn
Address: 2506 Albion Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Smile
Intentions: To graduate from the Long Island College Hospital

Name: Constance L. Cedrone
Address: 5647 Govane Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
A smiling face
Intentions: To see America

Name: Helen Burgemeister
Address: 3400 Harford Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light
Distinguishing mark:
Curly hair
Intentions: To be an indispensable stenographer

Name: Esther Charson
Address: 909 North Gay Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Ask Miss Spence
Intentions: To debate with Mr. Roycroft

Name: Sara S. Cardin
Address: 1730 East Baltimore Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
One dimple
Intentions: To go to Europe

Name: Arlyne Elsie Chenoweth
Address: 1602 North Chester Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Brunette
Distinguishing mark:
Giggling
Intentions: To travel

Name: Florence Cobabe
Address: 1529 North Patterson Park Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3½ inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Giggling
Intentions: To become an opera singer

Name: Thelma Cridlin
Address: 3237 Lyndale Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Curls
Intentions: To become a successful business woman

Name: Catherine Cohen
Address: 1602 North Washington Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Friendly attitude
Intentions: To have a successful business career

Name: Anna G. Crumling
Address: 5502 Ready Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Pleasant disposition
Intentions: To be a successful secretary

Name: Dorothy Cohen
Address: 2200 East Pratt Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Love (?) of Latin
Intentions: That U. of M. sophomore

Name: Ruth Damsky
Address: 2301 Homewood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dimples
Intentions: To get the most out of life

Name: Leah Cohen
Address: 2313 Reisterstown Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Variety of coiffures
Intentions: To be a successful secretary

Name: Lucille Dawson
Address: 310 South East Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Long, slender hands
Intentions: To become a secretary

Name: Lillian Cohen
Address: 2135 East Fairmount Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2½ inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
A becoming dimple in her chin
Intentions: To be a success in the business world

Name: Mary Demchuk
Address: 4710 Curtis Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Nice disposition
Intentions: To be a good nurse

Name: Michael De Pasquale
Address: 6508 Old Harford Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Chestnut
Distinguishing mark:
Accent
Intentions: To hitch-hike across the United States

Name: Dorothy Dodge
Address: 2033 Kennedy Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Modulated voice
Intentions: To be a nurse

Name: Victoria Di Domenico
Address: 5827 Belair Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Large black eyes
Intentions: To become an art teacher

Name: Eleanora Elizabeth Donatelli
Address: 706 Greenmount Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Braided hair
Intentions: To become a noted costume designer

Name: Marion Diederichs
Address: 316 East 28th Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Medium brown
Distinguishing mark:
Starry eyes
Intentions: To be a successful stenographer

Name: Bette Dubb
Address: 420 North Patterson Park Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Hilarious laugh
Intentions: To be a college coquette

Name: Grace Ditman
Address: 3310 Rosekemp Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Margaret Bowen
Intentions: To speak French fluently

Name: Helen R. Ewachiw
Address: 3110 O'Donnell Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Languid expression
Intentions: To be successful in the business world

Name: Stephania Dmytriw
Address: 919 South Clinton Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Teeth
Intentions: To go to work

Name: Margaret A. Fehrer
Address: 637 North Robinson Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Tantalizing dimples
Intentions: To have a successful business career

Name: Helen Ford
Address: 2702 Goodwood Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5½ inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Dependability
Intentions: To do secretarial work

Name: Helen Iris Glassman
Address: 3309 Forest Park Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Slick black hair
Intentions: To write a haunting melody

Name: Doris Fay Fortmiller
Address: 1742 Montpelier Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Red
Distinguishing mark:
An everlasting smile
Intentions: To play the piano

Name: Mollie Goodman
Address: 1151 East Lombard Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
White teeth
Intentions: To travel abroad

Name: Attila Frederick
Address: 4721 Harford Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Chestnut brown
Distinguishing mark:
Always seen with Margaret Pritchard
Intentions: To be a hairdresser

Name: Mildred Goodwin
Address: 3024 Glenmore Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Gray green
Hair: Brunette
Distinguishing mark:
"Wouldn't you like to know?"
Intentions: To become an efficient secretary

Name: Laura Friedland
Address: 2200½ Eutaw Place
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Dimples
Intentions: Honorable

Name: Betty Gorelick
Address: 1804 North Gay Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Naturally wavy hair
Intentions: To be a successful salesgirl

Name: Ruth Marie Fritz
Address: 5313 Hamlet Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Day-dreaming
Intentions: To stop growing

Name: Agnes Thornton Gosnell
Address: 1804 East 29th Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
A different school pin every week
Intentions: The same as Bauer's

Name: Ruth Graes
Address: 19 South Ellwood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Pleasing plumpness
Intentions: Matrimony

Name: Helen Hart
Address: 1533 Homestead Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Reaching toward the best
Intentions: To work in a child's nursery

Name: Marie Greason
Address: 145 North Highland Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Sweet disposition
Intentions: To have the future intended known as Mr. Greason

Name: Margaret Henschen
Address: 1655 Darley Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Mischievous eyes
Intentions: To go to China

Name: Jeannette Griffith
Address: 5858 Belair Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Blue green
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Late slips
Intentions: Mostly good!

Name: Katherine Virginia Hicks
Address: 6508 Rosemont Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
A shiny nose
Intentions: To travel

Name: Theresa Elizabeth Gunkel
Address: 6506 Cleveland Avenue, Dundalk
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light brown curly
Distinguishing mark:
Uneven eyebrows
Intentions: To abolish sugar footing

Name: Margaret E. Hobbs
Address: 639 Bartlett Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Always seen with Dorothy Kramer
Intentions: To slide down the bannisters of Eastern

Name: Laura Janet Gurny
Address: 633 South Kenwood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Hazel—depends on mood
Hair: Reddish brown
Distinguishing mark:
Small white teeth
Intentions: To spend seven days in Sing-Sing

Name: Sylvia Hornstein
Address: 2209 East Lombard Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Blue gray
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Attractive bangs
Intentions: Secretarial

Name: Naomi Florence Hough
Address: 3109 Rosekamp Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4½ inches
Eyes: Blue green
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing marks:
"Oh, I didn't know that!"
Intentions: To become a successful fashion artist

Name: May Klima
Address: 2728 East Madison Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Dark gray
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Kind heart
Intentions: Matrimony

Name: Margaret Huthman
Address: 1653 Abbottston Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
A mole on upper lip
Intentions: To become a successful business woman

Name: Marie Henrietta E. Kluge
Address: 3163 Elmorin Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Grayish blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Skirts and sweaters
Intentions: To be a success

Name: Florence Johnston
Address: 1905 Kennedy Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Sense of humor
Intentions: To make good use of her mathematical ability

Name: Dolores M. Koehler
Address: 3109 Northway Drive
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Long curling lashes
Intentions: To become a telegraphic operator

Name: Clara Theresa Karwacki
Address: 3241 O'Donnell Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brunette
Distinguishing mark:
Explosive voice
Intentions: To become private secretary to President Roosevelt

Name: Polya Kowall
Address: Glen Arm, Maryland
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 8 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dignified manner
Intentions: To be a typical Russian nurse

Name: Marie Kleinhen
Address: 507 Richwood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Peanut butter sandwiches
Intentions: To be a "Cranky Ol' Maid"

Name: Dorothy Kramer
Address: 305 East 23rd Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Study-hall napper
Intentions: To visit the penitentiary

Name: Marie Krausch
Address: 1139 Cliftmont Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Broad smile
Intentions: To display her intelligence in the business world

Name: Helen Lawson
Address: 3956 Falls Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Hair: Brown
Eyes: Blue
Distinguishing mark:
Deep voice
Intentions: To be a private secretary

Name: Margaret Amelia Krause
Address: 609 Woodbourne Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
The Krause-Lowry Combination
Intentions: To meet Mickey Mouse personally

Name: Dorothy Lent
Address: 3156 Ravenwood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Long lashes
Intentions: To be an old maid

Name: Eloise Jeannette Krug
Address: 2721 The Alameda
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Always humming
Intentions: Secretarial

Name: Ruth Lerman
Address: 2240 East Fairmount Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Gleaming white teeth
Intentions: To become a private secretary

Name: Helen Kruszelnitzki
Address: 2232 Bank Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3½ inches
Eyes: Gray (dark)
Hair: Medium brown
Distinguishing mark:
Incessant talker
Intentions: To find a job

Name: Ruth Lesher
Address: 2133 East North Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
"Tell it again; I didn't hear the first part."
Intentions: To become a private secretary

Name: Sadye Lavitt
Address: 125 North Exeter Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Flashing white teeth
Intentions: To be a private secretary

Name: Marilyn M. Levin
Address: 7 North Collington Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Brunette
Distinguishing mark:
Long lashes
Intentions: Matrimonial

Name: Mollie Levin
Address: 2105 East Lombard Street
Description:
Height: Five feet, 2½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Flying locks
Intentions: To type ten minutes without making an error

Name: Evelyn Lyons
Address: 2130 East North Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Devilish eyes
Intentions: To get the best things life can give

Name: Selma Levin
Address: 1644 Ellsworth Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dyed in the wool bookworm
Intentions: Single blessedness

Name: Freda N. Magaram
Address: 1731 East Pratt Street
Description:
Height: 4 feet, 7 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Long lashes
Intentions: Secretarial

Name: Hilda Levitz
Address: 2006 East Fayette Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Deep voice
Intentions: To secure a secretarial position

Name: Elizabeth Makosky
Address: 2307 East Preston Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Mole on upper lip
Intentions: To learn to dive gracefully

Name: Carolyn Lucille Lobdell
Address: 625 East 38th Street
Description:
Height, 5 feet, 7½ inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Golden brown
Distinguishing mark:
Contralto voice
Intentions: To retain the kindly nature of Pere Clement

Name: Rose Malin
Address: 10 North Ann Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Wavy hair
Intentions: A honeymoon in Utah

Name: Ruth Virginia Lowry
Address: 2922 The Alameda
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
The Krause-Lowry Combination
Intentions: To become an opera singer

Name: Arvilla Mann
Address: 6 West Twenty-fourth Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Giggle
Intentions: To be a distinguished person

Name: Helen Marion
Address: 3941 Lowndes Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
"Have you done your English?"
Intentions: To become an opera singer

Name: Anna Michel
Address: 1418 North Collington Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Quietness
Intentions: To be a private secretary

Name: Charlotte Brandt Marx
Address: 1427 Patterson Park Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
34's treasurer's report
Intentions: To conquer German

Name: Ruth Momberger
Address: 3800 Ridgecroft Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Brunette
Distinguishing mark:
Thoughtful expression
Intentions: To understand metonymy

Name: Evelyn Mattson
Address: 2624 East Baltimore Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: A beautiful blue color
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Wild manners
Intentions: To sing like Bing Crosby

Name: Emily E. Muly
Address: 235 South Collington Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2½ inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Ash blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Bashfulness
Intentions: To be a bookkeeper

Name: Jessie E. McLean
Address: 715 Pen Lucy Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Soft voice
Intentions: Commercial career

Name: Edna A. Myers
Address: 304 Fleetwood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Alluring smile
Intentions: To become an accountant

Name: Thia Ruth McNabb
Address: 907 Woodbourne Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3½ inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Left eyebrow higher than right
Intentions: To own thoroughbred horses

Name: Esther Nelson
Address: 1669 Darley Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Alluring smile
Intentions: To become an accountant

Name: Geneva Nelson
Address: 2775 Alameda Boulevard
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Eating apples
Intentions: We'd like to know

Name: Charlotte T. Pfeiffer
Address: 412 East 20th Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Attractive mouth
Intentions: To travel

Name: Zula D. Norris
Address: 1515 East Biddle Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Speaking of French assignments
Intentions: To be an artist

Name: La Rue Potter
Address: 623 McKewin Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Curly brown
Distinguishing mark:
Chinese eyes
Intentions: To be a schoolmarm

Name: Helen Ruth Nunnally
Address: 2173 Southern Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Late slips
Intentions: To travel

Name: Margaret Pritchard
Address: 2926 Sylvan Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3½ inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Golden brown
Distinguishing mark:
Always seen with Atts Frederick
Intentions: To become a secretary

Name: Virginia Parker
Address: 6106 Birchwood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4½ inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
"Oh, my operation!"
Intentions: To be an English teacher (?)

Name: Rose Purdy
Address: 1910 Cecil Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Stern stare
Intentions: To attend law school

Name: Elizabeth Parrish
Address: 1630 Caroline Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
A good nature
Intentions: To be a June bride

Name: Grace Geneva Quast
Address: 4114 Hamilton Avenue
Description:
Height, 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Dark brown:
Distinguishing mark:
Continual laughter
Intentions: Nursing

Name: Norma Harriet Randles
Address: 1263 Foster Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
E's in every test
Intentions: To translate "Horace"

Name: Cecelia Harriet Rohd
Address: 207 North Wolfe Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Look at my report card
Intentions: To become a bookkeeper

Name: Celia Rapisardi
Address: 3819 Echodale Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Chestnut brown
Distinguishing mark:
Low forehead
Intentions: To be a nurse

Name: Beatrice Rosenblatt
Address: 2021 East Baltimore Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Reddish brown
Distinguishing mark:
Pink and white complexion
Intentions: To modernize grandma

Name: Blanche Kathryn Reed
Address: 608 North Ellwod Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Dimples
Intentions: To become a nurse

Name: Bertha Jeannette Runge
Address: 500 South Conkling Street
Description:
Height, 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
School girl complexion
Intentions: To become a nurse

Name: Eleanor Richardson
Address: 2604 Llewelyn Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Rushing to Philadelphia
Intentions: To become the future Mrs. ——

Name: Marie Florence Sagle
Address: 2525 East Hoffman Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Reddish blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Wavy hair
Intentions: To become a private secretary

Name: Inez Richardson
Address: 2119 East Preston Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Smiling when others are serious
Intentions: To become a nurse

Name: Mildred Marie Sauter
Address: 5502 Carter Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dimple in chin
Intentions: To own a speed boat

Name: Myrtle Schaefer
Address: 2632 East Oliver Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Pretty eyes
Intentions: To be a private secretary

Name: Adele C. Scott
Address: 1430 East Federal Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Fascinating eyes
Intentions: To sing with Guy Lombardo's orchestra

Name: Cecelia A. Schall
Address: 244 South Clinton Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Brown eyes
Intentions: To become a secretary

Name: Rose E. Scott
Address: 5602 York Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
The inevitable violin
Intentions: To wage war against "handshakers"

Name: Margaret Scharnagle
Address: 1412 North Milton Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Dark blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Petiteness
Intentions: To become a private secretary

Name: Ruth Beverly Searls
Address: 801 Belgian Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Carrying a fiddle
Intentions: To be a nurse

Name: Edith Scherr
Address: 14 North Washington Street
Description:
Height: 4 feet, 9 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Sweet disposition
Intentions: To become a secretary

Name: Carolyn Shamleffer
Address: 1333 North Luzerne Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Gray green
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Smiling eyes
Intentions: To explore Africa

Name: Helen D. Schweitzer
Address: 1909 East Worth Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Attractive actions
Intentions: To become pleasingly plump

Name: Virginia Shaw
Address: 3809 Forrest Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Conscientiously done French assignments
Intentions: To take dictation at 280 words a minute

Name: Marie Shea
Address: 406 North Haven Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Doing homework at one minute of nine
Intentions: To learn the etiquette of spaghetti eating

Name: Melba Snitzer
Address: 1764 Montpelier Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Pretty eyes, attractive smile
Intentions: To own a dozen dogs

Name: Mildred Alice Siegel
Address: 1444 Eastern Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Wit
Intentions: Absolutely honorable

Name: Vivienne Sonntag
Address: 4300 Belair Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 7 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Slow speech
Intentions: To become an efficient typist

Name: Catherine Silver
Address: 713 North Linwood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dark eyes
Intention: To be a nurse in a children's ward

Name: Marie M. Stamm
Address: 4614 Harford Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Greenish blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Pretty eyes
Intentions: Matrimony

Name: Emma Natalie Simokat
Address: 1838 North Castle Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue green
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Lovable disposition
Intentions: To take apart and put together successfully her "Ford"

Name: Helen Sally Starkey
Address: 2312 East Oliver Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 7 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Green eyes
Intentions: To be married in June

Name: Elizabeth Mary Smith
Address: 425 North Ellwood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Reserve
Intentions: To abide by the "Golden Rule"

Name: Elizabeth Steinmetz
Address: 136 South Clinton Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Pretty blue eyes
Intentions: To be a good secretary

Name: Dorothy Stely
Address: 1919 East Federal Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Medium blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Mole on 4th finger
Intentions: To look like Kate Smith

Married

Name: Marie Villa
Address: 1115 Montpelier Street
Description:
Height: 4 feet, 11 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Giggling
Intentions: To become the future Mrs. ——

Name: Mildred Stone
Address: 2202 Lake Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Eyes
Intentions: To be a successful housewife

Name: Eleanor Helena Vomastek
Address: 2233 East Oliver Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 8 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Sandy
Distinguishing mark:
Jovial disposition
Intentions: To find trained nurses in the hospital room of E. H. S.

Name: Sarah Strumsky
Address: 352 Rosebank Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Carrying faculty trays
Intentions: To be a waitress in E. H. S.

Name: Caroline Vontran
Address: 310 South Newkirk Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Auburn
Distinguishing mark:
Curly hair
Intentions: To go to work

Name: Mary Tasca
Address: 601 North Rose Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Student Council button
Intentions: To be the first woman mayor of Baltimore City

Name: Irma Estelle Wageley
Address: 1740 Normal Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Very dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
A springy walk
Intentions: To have a large vocabulary

Name: Zenida A. Tomaszewski
Address: 2637 Eastern Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Blue gray
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Sweet disposition
Intentions: Secretarial work

Name: Verna Walter
Address: 2796 Tivoly Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4½ inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
A weakness for blueberry pie
Intentions: To soothe the path for future Latin students by illustrating Latin text books

Name: Charlotte Naomi Warmbold
Address: 2914 East Pratt Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 7 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Serious nature
Intentions: To be a teacher of science in E. H. S.

Name: Ruth Wenk
Address: 946 Montpelier Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Pickles
Intentions: The police wonder!

Name: Muriel Weber
Address: 3208 Eastern Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dark eyes
Intentions: To go to work

Name: Carrie May Wyatt
Address: 22 South Hare Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Wearing blue
Intentions: Her relatives wonder!

Name: Edith H. Yankoski
Address: 746 South Curley Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Making scrap books
Intentions: To be a kindergarten teacher

COMMITTEE FOR SENIOR PICTURES

Miss Mary R. Travers, *Adviser*
Helen Armstrong
Iris Bishop
Margaret Bowen
Anna Carrigan
Audrey Caslon
Anna Crumbling
Lydia Hughes
Clara Kawacki
Selma Kahn
Margaret Krause
Hilda Lewis
Virginia Lumpkin
Mignon Mackensen
Elizabeth Manzke
Doris Marshell
Ruth Mitchell
Margaret Nily
Ruth Poehlman
Mildred Rivlin
Edith Ruhl
Marie Stamm
Ruth Young

COMMITTEE FOR SENIOR "ECHO"

Elizabeth Hogan
Betty Lee Rochfort
Loretta Ritz
Anne Wollman
Carlotta Alderman
Dorothy Croswell
Olga Gapsis
Selma Levin
Charlotte Tallman
Mazie Riley
Thelma Stone
Frances Taylor
Ruth Wenk
Naomi Zeller

All Senior Members of the Echo *Staff*

Passports of Passengers on the S. S. '34

Sailing June 26, 1934

Webster

Name: Virginia Abbott
Address: 1828 East 29th Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 7 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
A sweet disposition
Intentions: To travel

Name: Catherine Altevogt
Address: 3501 Parkside Drive
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Chestnut brown
Distinguishing mark:
Smiling countenance
Intentions: To do clerical work

Name: Doris Abrahams
Address: 933 North Broadway
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Fair complexion
Intentions: To become a nurse

Name: Lillian F. Altevogt
Address: 3501 Parkside Drive
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
School girl complexion
Intentions: To improve the hat industry

Name: Charlotte Abrisch
Address: 1601 Montpelier Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 7 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light
Distinguishing mark:
A most peculiar sort of laugh
Intentions: To become a nurse

Name: Jessie Andrews
Address: Crapo, Maryland
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Auburn
Distinguishing mark:
"And I hung out and went."
Intentions: To be a champion fisherman

Name: Vera Akczinski
Address: 238 South Wolfe Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
"Class dues, girls!"
Intentions: To be a C. P. A.

Name: Mildred Armiger
Address: 2614 Roselawn Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 ½ inches
Eyes: Blue-gray
Hair: Light golden brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dimple in left cheek
Intentions: To go swimming in Niagara Falls

Name: E. Myrtle Allan
Address: 16 South Highland Ave.
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dimple in her chin
Intentions: To be a private secretary

Name: Helen T. Armstrong
Address: 3901 Hillen Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Grin
Intentions: To be a librarian

Name: Eugenia Arnold
Address: 805 Gorsuch Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 8 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Light Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Bewitching dimples
Intentions: Of the best

Name: Anne Catherine Bawroski
Address: 1608 Church Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
"Have you got a pencil?"
Intentions: To travel

Name: Eileen Austin
Address: 4254 Nicholas Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Humming to herself
Intentions: To be punctual

Name: Pauline Becker
Address: 3036 E. Balstimore St.
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Usually found at the typewriter
Intentions: To be a success

Name: Ruth S. Bachtell
Address: 3010 Harview Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2½ inches
Eyes: Very brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Pug nose
Intentions: To rear creditably her twin niece and nephew

Name: Madeline Bell
Address: 3905 Forrester Avenue
Description:
Height: 4 feet, 11½ inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Medium brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dashing for the sixth period study
Intentions: To grow three inches

Name: Eva Bankard
Address: 2407 Ailsa Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 8 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
A hanky with an embroidered puppy in the corner
Intentions: To own a Scotch puppy

Name: Regina O. Bell
Address: 2021 Cecil Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Dark blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Small feet
Intentions: To graduate from Eastern High School

Name: Lily Mae Barton
Address: 1737 Harford Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Dark blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Seen with Elizabeth Zurll and Jeanette Tawney
Intentions: To be a secretary to a dentist

Name: Margaret Adele Bennett
Address: Margate, Anne Arundel County
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Sweetness
Intentions: To travel

Name: Marie C. Beran
Address: 2108 East Madison Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Quiet manner
Intentions: To be a secretary

Name: Iris Bishop
Address: 3104 Lawnview Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Chewing gum
Intentions: To be able to drawl like a southerner

Name: Caroline Elizabeth Berg
Address: 2724 Maryland Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Ash blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Arriving just in time to hear the bell
Intentions: To be a nurse

Name: Frances Blair
Address: Tramore Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Small hands
Intentions: To have a professional career

Name: Martha Besz
Address: 3002 Montebello Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Dark blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Quietness
Intentions: To be a teacher

Name: Anne Bodnar
Address: 3300 Hudson Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Chocolate éclair
Intentions: To be a champion ice-skater

Name: Frances Virginia Bierman
Address: 2820 Lake Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Grin
Intentions: To be successful

Name: Augusta Bodnar
Address: 3300 Hudson Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Rapid talking
Intentions: To be a stenographer

Name: Nettie Binstock
Address: 1819 East North Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Talking and laughing at all times
Intentions: To meet someone tall, dark, and handsome

Name: Bertha Margaret Boehl
Address: 1709 Homestead Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Light blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
A ring with the initials G. G.
Intentions: To be a private secretary

Name: Lillian Bollinger
Address: 1630 Cliftview Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dimpled elbows
Intentions: To become a nurse

Name: Stella Ardella Boyd
Address: 304 South High Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Well manicured nails
Intentions: To work in an office, on a dictaphone

Name: Teresa Bosco
Address: 1205 North Gay Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Desire to help others wherever possible
Intentions: To travel all over the world

Name: Verna Bradbury
Address: 517 South East Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 7 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Does not remove hat until 8:58
Intentions: To be a traveling companion

Name: Nettie Bowden
Address: 1615 East 29th Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Wavy hair
Intentions: To become a private secretary

Name: Delma Retue Brathuhn
Address: 3726 Old York Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Just another ray of sunshine
Intentions: To avoid procrastinating

Name: Dorothy Bowinkelman
Address: 3224 Eastern Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
"O. K."
Intentions: To become a competent stenographer

Name: June Brooks
Address: 2724 Alameda
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Long finger nails
Intentions: To be the president's secretary

Name: Catherine Boyd
Address: 121 North Lakewood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Always dancing
Intentions: None

Name: Gertrude "Jerrye" Brotman
Address: 1038 East Lombard St.
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Black
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Tricky eyes
Intentions: To travel

Name: Dorothy Brown
Address: 700 East 23rd Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Pretty teeth
Intentions: To be a nurse

Name: Virginia Burke
Address: 1534 Homestead Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Freckles
Intentions: To work in a large business house

Name: Eleanor Hollis Brown
Address: 4400 Forest View Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5½ inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Double-jointed fingers
Intentions: To invent a stainless nitric acid

Name: Doris Burtnett
Address: 2720 Hugo Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Pretty white teeth
Intentions: To be a history teacher

Name: Marie Buchanan
Address: 825 North Lakewood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Trying "parler francais"
Intentions: Not what you think

Name: Eleanor Bush
Address: 2038 Cliftwood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Sweet disposition
Intentions: To become a secretary

Name: Beatrice Burgdorf
Address: 4601 Belair Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Chestnut brown
Distinguishing mark:
Turned up bangs
Intentions: To cruise around the world in the Danforth-Burgdorf yacht

deceased

Name: Marguerite Cannon
Address: 3211 Bayonne Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
A dimple in each cheek
Intentions: To be a private secretary

Name: Emilie F. Burgemeister
Address: 3400 Harford Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 7 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Black eyebrows and lashes
Intentions: To be an efficient secretary

Name: Naomi B. Caplan
Address: 1120 East Fayette Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Intellectual curiosity
Intentions: To live to see a new Alma Mater for future Easternites

Name: Alexandria Cardiges
Address: 1201 North Curley Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5½ inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Fluency in French
Intentions: To continue studying foreign languages

Name: Elinor Clark
Address: 3313 Beverly Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Passion for pigs' feet and chocolate éclairs
Intentions: To settle down

Name: Margaret H. Carter
Address: 604 East 41st Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
"Class dues, please."
Intentions: To go to Goucher

Name: Christine Margaret Clay
Address: 3001 Belair Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Chestnut
Distinguishing mark:
Giggle
Intentions: Good

Name: Audrey Caslow
Address: 2334 Aiken Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 7 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Eyes
Intentions: To be a commercial artist

Name: Bernice Mac Clinebell
Address: 1652 East 25th Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Broad smile
Intentions: To travel

Name: Doris Maryland Chance
Address: 3104 Weaver Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Ash blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Blue dresses
Intentions: To see the pyramids of Egypt

Name: Mildred A. Conrad
Address: 532 North Bond Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
An eyebrow that stops and starts again
Intentions: To sleep peacefully and long every morning

Name: Richarda Chipman
Address: 910 Beaumont Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Green
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Good nature
Intentions: To finance a bigger and better mail system

Name: Charlotte Barling Cook
Address: 2950 Harford Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Zeal in girl scout work
Intentions: To enter medical field

Name: Elsie Cook
Address: 3006 Echodale Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Hair: Brown
Eyes: Blue-gray
Distinguishing mark:
Eyelashes
Intentions: To weight at least 110 pounds

Name: Mary Augusta Cowman
Address: 5203 Roland Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Ash blonde
Distinguish mark:
A vivid imagination
Intentions: Ambiguous!

Name: Emmae Virginia Cook
Address: 516 East 25th Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Bright brown
Distinguishing mark:
White teeth
Intentions: To be a successful business woman

Name: Frances Dorothy Cramer
Address: 700 North Streeper St.
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue-gray
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
"Sit on a tack."
Intentions: To become a good tap dancer

Name: Jane J. Cornelius
Address: 320 Gittings Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Ash-blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Π Δ Π pin
Intentions: None worth speaking of

Name: Dorothy Adaire Cromer
Address: 2244 Guilford Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
"Darling"
Intentions: Close secret

Name: Gene Allison Coulbourn
Address: 302 East 27th Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 8 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Impetuosity
Intentions: "Raising" little Genes

Name: Dorothy Croswell
Address: 1916 Cecil Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4½ inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Keen sense of humor
Intentions: College

Name: Anna Muriel Courtney
Address: 237 North Milton Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 10 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Wearing red
Intentions: To be an efficient assistant in an office

Name: Elizabeth Damm
Address: 3215 Tyndale Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 9 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Having trouble recognizing her last name
Intentions: To travel

Name: Dorothy M. Danforth
Address: 635 East 34th Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Tiny feet
Intentions: To buy a yacht and cruise around the world with Bea Burgdorf

Name: Rose Deyle
Address: 2712 Beechland Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Ash blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Forever eating potato chips
Intentions: To travel the wide world over

Name: Melba Darney
Address: 1820 North Collington Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Green-gray
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Two moles on the left side of the face
Intentions: To see the world

Name: Anna Diegelman
Address: 2866 Kentucky Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
An oriental expression around the eyes
Intentions: To be a commercial artist

Name: Anne Roberta Davis
Address: 2830 Overland Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Titian
Distinguishing mark:
De Molay ring
Intentions: "To make hay while the sun shines"

Name: Florence Dillon
Address: 600 North Caroline St.
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Always prepared
Intentions: To become a C. P. A.

Name: Genevieve K. Dawson
Address: 514 Winston Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Sunny disposition
Intentions: To travel

Name: Carolyn Disney
Address: 4406 Mainfield Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Rushing out of school at 2:30
Intentions: To be a stenographer

Name: Helen Warfield Deputy
Address: 335 East 25th Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Grey-blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dimples
Intentions: To be a commercial artist

Name: Marian Dobler
Address: 3309 Crossland Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Femininity
Intentions: In the making

Name: Mildred Donohue
Address: 2762 Fenwick Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Blue-green
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Collecting Scotties
Intentions: To be a bacteriologist

Name: Emily Dubovsky
Address: 1109 North Broadway
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brunette
Distinguishing mark:
Rosy cheeks
Intentions: To reach her goal successfully

Name: Sophia Dragonuk
Address: 111 South Washington Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Sketching
Intentions: To become a commercial artist

Name: Ethel Virginia Ehrhardt
Address: 5723 Harford Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Greenish blue
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Always with Charlotte
Intentions: To become a teacher

Name: Sylvia Drapkin
Address: 1406 East Baltimore St.
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Gift for sarcasm
Intentions: Honorable

Name: Annette Lillian Ellis
Address: 5514 Pilgrim Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Sarcastic remarks
Intentions: To be a kindergarten teacher

Name: Iris Drewry
Address: 436 East North Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
"My word!"
Intentions: To be an artist

Name: Annette Engle
Address: 104 Rochester Place
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
That infectious grin
Intentions: To play with Helen Wills

Name: Blanche Dubovsky
Address: 1509 East Federal Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
"What's the use of studying ancient literature?"
Intentions: To be successful

Name: Mary Sue Fielding
Address: 4012 Frankford Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Frankness
Intentions: To have a career

Name: Sylvia B. Figinski
Address: 200 South Clinton Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Mole on left shoulder
Intentions: Strictly dishonorable

Name: Winifred Free
Address: 2047 Kennedy Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
One-quarter of the "Big Four"
Intentions: To be a technician

Name: Mary Cornelia Flowers
Address: 4212 Harcourt Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 9 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
An infectious giggle
Intentions: To be a teacher of French like Mademoiselle Zouck

Name: Marie Freyka
Address: 1239 North Luzerne Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dimples
Intentions: To become a secretary to a president someday

Name: Muriel Foreman
Address: 4016 Parkwood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Grey-green
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark: "I'm a pineapple!"
Intentions: To live in California

Name: Marie Froehlich
Address: 615 East 37th Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Chestnut Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Crooked smile
Intentions: To become a lady

Name: Frances Katherine Fox
Address: 907 East Preston Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Golden brown
Distinguishing mark:
Willingness to help everybody
Intentions: To be a second "Carry Nation"

Name: Esther Gannen
Address: 1825 East 32nd Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Her long curling lashes
Intention: To become a professional tap dancer

Name: Annette E. Frank
Address: 1703 East 32nd Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Nanette
Intentions: To be dignified

Name: Olga Gapsis
Address: 4405 Valley View Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 7½ inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Chestnut
Distinguishing mark:
Club pins
Intentions: To travel through United States

Name: Lillian Mae Garrett
Address: 1739 East Lafayette Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 7 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Her playful teasing
Intentions: To become a lawyer

Name: Ruth Goetze
Address: 2644 Harford Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dislike of homework
Intentions: To go to business college

Name: Alba Genco
Address: 620 Forrest Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Always found with a cheerful smile or giggle
Intentions: To travel

Name: Anna Ray Goldstein
Address: 1643 Thames Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Chestnut brown
Distinguishing mark:
Expressive eyes
Intentions: To be a successful P. A. L. teacher

Name: Dorothy Elizabeth Gettier
Address: 3027 Glenmore Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Little green hat
Intentions: To be a private secretary

Name: Rose Rodie Goldstein
Address: 1701 East Lanvale Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Eyes disappear when laughing
Intentions: To be a private secretary

Name: Pearl Leona Gilmore
Address: 218 East 22nd Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Ash blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Expressive use of eyes
Intentions: To become a teacher

Name: Millie C. Gorton
Address: 1118 East 36th Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Gurgling in the Glee Club
Intentions: To continue home economics

Name: Aurora Glorioso
Address: 2512 Southern Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Always found with Rose and Mildred
Intentions: To become a nurse

Name: Jane Bond Graf
Address: 3309 Abell Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
"Duke" stickers
Intentions: To be a success

Name: Eva Mary Granofsky
Address: 1400 Haubert Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Dark blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Tickler of the ivories
Intentions: To continue the above occupation

Name: Anna Hilda Grossblatt
Address: 1923 East Pratt Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2½ inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Very dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Wavy hair
Intentions: To travel abroad

Name: Marie Eugenie Greff
Address: 530 South Newkirk Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
High heels
Intentions: To be a good nurse

Name: Hazel Guttenson
Address: 6500 Old Harford Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Between blonde and brunette
Distinguishing mark:
A quiet smile
Intentions: To "Say it with flowers"

Name: Irma Green
Address: 4903 Ross Road
Description
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Hair: Dark brown
Eyes: Grayish blue
Distinguishing mark:
A fine artist
Intentions: To attend Wheaton College

Name: Rosalie E. Haberkorn
Address: 1218 North Milton Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Small nose
Intentions: To become a nurse and a dancer

Name: Ruth Green
Address: 2128 East Baltimore St.
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Chestnut brown
Distinguishing mark:
A lover of dramatics and art
Intentions: To go to work

Name: Virginia Louise Hagerty
Address: 1805 East 30th Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
A betraying blush
Intentions: To have a niche in the Hall of Fame

Name: M. Virginia Griffin
Address: 6205 Pinehurst Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Bluish gray
Hair: Reddish brown
Distinguishing mark:
S. P. Q. R. ring on little finger of right hand
Intentions: To become sylph-like

Name: Laura Janney Hanson
Address: 4547 Keswick Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Infinitesimal idiosyncracies
Intentions: To travel extensively

Name: Virginia Lee Heiger
Address: 3500 East Baltimore Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Sweet nature
Intentions: To be a nurse

Name: Bernice Heyman
Address: 20 South Collington Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Wavy hair
Intentions: To become a famous surgeon

Name: Annabelle Heinefield
Address: 608 South East Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Auburn
Distinguishing mark:
Giggling
Intentions: To be private secretary to a rich man

Name: Sylvia A. Hildebrand
Address: 2900 Halcyon Avenue
Description:
Height, 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
All sorts of handwork
Intentions: To be proprietor of a gift shop

Name: Peggy Heinz
Address: 611 Parkwyrth Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dimples
Intentions: To originate a radio program that would "suit" herself

Name: Mildred Ruth Hinke
Address: 1824 North Washington Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
One turned up eyebrow
Intentions: To be a secretary

Name: Hazel Anne Henning
Address: 119 South Linwood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3½ inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
"Calvert Hall has a soccer game today."
Intentions: To become a private secretary

Name: Doris Hirzel
Address: 2732 Fenwick Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Earrings
Intentions: To be hostess on a plane flying between Washington and New York

Name: Elizabeth Herrlich
Address: 1706 St. Paul Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Wit
Intentions: To go to Goucher

Name: Dorothy Elise Hoeflich
Address: 3205 Moravia Boulevard
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Red gold
Distinguishing mark:
Cute smile
Intentions: To be an artist

Name: Emma Cathleen Hoffeld
Address: 732 South Conkling Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Likable nature
Intentions: To become an aviatrix

Name: Joanne Anita Hossbach
Address: 3107 Northern Parkway
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
The 5th member of the "Big Four"
Intentions: To live—love—and probably learn!

Name: Elizabeth Hogan
Address: 1602 East 32nd Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 7½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
A puzzled expression
Intentions: To embark upon a voyage through college

Name: Beulah Ruth Houck
Address: 841 Belgian Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3½ inches
Eyes: Gray green
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
A perfect Englishman in regard to jokes
Intentions: To be a well known fashion illustrator

Name: Charlotte Meryl Holtgreve
Address: 3011 Bayonne Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark: Perfect coiffure at all times
Intentions: To be proprietress of fashionable modiste shoppe

Name: Betty Hough
Address: 4405 White Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Giggle
Intentions: To go to business college

Name: Dorothy Homburg
Address: 3006 Clifton Park Terrace
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Turned up nose
Intentions: You never can tell

Name: Lydia Hughes
Address: 4402 Raspe Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Always early
Intentions: To be an aviatrix

Name: Mary Anna Horichs
Address: 611 Cokesbury Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Bluish green
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Light eyebrows and dark eyelashes
Intentions: To become an artist

Name: Florence Ikin
Address: 1521 East Monument Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Class blues singer
Intentions: Bad

Name: Thelma Elaine Ironmonger
Address: 3113 Wisteria Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Black
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Forever with Dot and Charlotte
Intentions: To be always punctual rather than always late

Name: Virginia Pearl Johnson
Address: 5601 Govane Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 9 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Small hats
Intentions: To acquire a large vocabulary

Name: Marcella Jackowski
Address: 2806 Mayfield Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3½ inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
"Please!"
Intentions: Detective in the secret service

Name: Vivian Jones
Address: 1826 East 31st Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
A good dancer
Intentions: Closely associated with a young man

Name: Naomi Jensen
Address: 3141 Cliftmont Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Worrying about reports
Intentions: Three guesses!

Name: Bernardina F. Jorio
Address: 3416 Dillon Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Excess money for ECHO
Intentions: To speak without shaking

Name: Gertrude Johns
Address: 3200 Rosalie Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Dark blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Inexhaustible supply of knowledge
Intentions: To see the world

Name: Viola M. Kaminski
Address: 2001 East Lombard Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
That "certain air"
Intentions: To have something published in the ECHO

Name: Doris Marie Johnson
Address: 641 North Kenwood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Bookworm
Intentions: To travel

Name: Naomi Sadie Kellum
Address: 2008 North Washington Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Profile
Intentions: Who knows?

Name: Doris Kenny
Address: 2044 North Washington Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue green
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Modesty
Intentions: To become a costume designer

Alice Klingenberg
(Withdrew before graduation)

Name: Gertrude Kitt
Address: 10 South Exeter Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Long, thin fingers
Intentions: To ride in a gondola with a gondolier who can sing

Name: Eleanor Adelaide Knapp
Address: 824 South Conkling Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Bluish gray
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
A frat pin
Intentions: None but the best!

Name: Edith Klauenberg
Address: 5801 Clear Spring Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 7 inches
Eyes: Gray green
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dignity
Intentions: To be a photo-engraver

Name: Edna C. Kohlhepp
Address: 3515 Rosekemp Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Medium blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Keeping people in suspense as to "what she did the night before"
Intentions: Just a plain stenographer to a famous doctor

Name: Winifred Klauenberg
Address: 5801 Clear Spring Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 10 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Always drawing
Intentions: To become an artist

Name: Selma Kohn
Address: 1523 North Aisquith Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
That dazzling smile
Intentions: To spend a few years in Texas

Name: Emma Catherine Klingelhofer
Address: 2922 Glenmore Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Lovely contralto voice
Intentions: To join the Metropolitan Opera Company

Name: Annabelle Komitsky
Address: 1510 Ashland Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Passion for spinach
Intentions: To continue telling the truth.

Name: Olga Korczynski
Address: 637 South Rappolla Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brunette
Distinguishing mark:
Wrinkling face at humorous remarks
Intentions: To accomplish something worth while

Name: Virginia Kuszmaul
Address: 606 East 35th Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Green
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Giggling
Intentions: To conduct a meeting like a respectable president

Name: Mildred Kostal
Address: 417 North Castle Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Beautiful eyes
Intentions: To forget about Shakespeare

Name: Rena E. Lagna
Address: 4700 Greenhill Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Carrying a heavy accordian
Intentions: Traveling and nursing

Name: Mary Kramer
Address: 1417 Decatur Street
Description:
Height: 4 feet, 10 inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Shortness
Intentions: To grow taller

Name: Charlotte Carolina Lollman
Address: 618 North Kenwood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Reddish brown
Distinguishing mark:
A falling knot
Intentions: To be able to sing in a voice other than basso

Name: Mary Krauss
Address: 306 East 33rd Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5½ inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
One of the Three Musketeers
Intentions: College

Name: Jeanne Lapouraille
Address: 3117 Grindon Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3½ inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Beauty spot above the left side of lip
Intentions: To travel as a secretary

Name: Helen Kravetz
Address: 227 East Biddle Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
A frightened look when test papers are returned
Intentions: To be a modiste

Name: A. Lucille Larmore
Address: 1834 East 28th Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
"Wanna' pay your class dues?"
Intentions: You would be surprised

Name: Betty Ann Leatherbury
Address: 1923 Guilford Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Red
Distinguishing mark:
Talkativeness
Intentions: To become a nurse.

Name: Hilda M. Lewis
Address: 1709 East 31st Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Precision
Intentions: To study art

Name: Rita Le Cuyer
Address: 1619 East 29th Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Her executive ability
Intentions: To rid the world of corrupt politicians

Name: Eva Lieb
Address: 4614 Frankford Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 8 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
A white tam
Intention: To become a sports reporter

Name: Margaret C. Leeb
Address: 2814 Beechland Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Winning smile
Intentions: To move to Richmond

Name: Evelyn F. Lindes
Address: 1814 Aiken Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Argumentation for the sake of diversion
Intention: To hitch her wagon to a star

Name: Jeanne Leipholz
Address: 2819 White Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Ability to write poetry
Intentions: To astonish the world

Name: Gertrude Catherine Lipp
Address: 315 Winston Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dimple in her chin
Intentions: To be the wife of a Naval Academy graduate

Name: Jean Lennan
Address: 3306 Westerwold Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 8 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Wavy black
Distinguishing mark:
Athletic ability
Intentions: To travel extensively

Name: Virginia Lloyd
Address: 321 Rossiter Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
One of the Three Musketeers
Intentions: College

Name: Helen Katherine Loeffler
Address: 2716 East Fairmount Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 7 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
"er sumpin'"
Intentions: To be a secretary

Name: Virginia Anne Lumpkin
Address: 3100 O'Donnell Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Charm
Intentions: To be a private secretary

Name: Mary Frances Long
Address: Guilford Manor Apartments
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
A desire to be absent from school
Intentions: To own a dog farm

Name: Betty Louise Lyons
Address: 5205 Springlake Way
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4½ inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Scientific mind
Intentions: To keep an ideal home

Name: Christine Rosaria Longo
Address: 1644 East Pratt Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Hair ribbons
Intentions: To be useful at some time or other

Name: Jean Muriel Machin
Address: 2805 Kildaire Drive
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
¼ of the "Big Four"
Intentions: To become a famous singer

Name: Genevieve Lowman
Address: 2028 Calvert Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Always in black
Intentions: Uncertain

Name: Florence G. Machulcz
Address: 132 South Patterson Park Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Dark brown
Distingushing mark:
A giggle
Intentions: To travel

Name: Barbara Lucy
Address: 1313 Gorsuch Avenue
Height: 5 feet, 4½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Low coiling knot
Intentions: Honorable

Name: Mary Maciejowski
Address: 25 South Washington Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
An infectious giggle
Intentions: To be a private nurse

Name: Mignon Hutzel Mackensen
Address: 2207 Kentucky Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Brunette
Distinguishing mark:
Love of music
Intentions: To go to college

Name: Doris M. Martin
Address: 3020 Abell Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6½ inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
A set of dimples
Intentions: To spend many summers on the Eastern Shore

Name: Marguerite Maier
Address: 1637 East North Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1½ inches
Eyes: Greenish blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
"Beautiful but dumb"—not even beautiful
Intentions: To be a secretary

Name: Virginia Mary Marx
Address: 2814 East Madison Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dancing till dawn
Intentions: To be a private secretary in an office in New York

Name: Elizabeth Pauline Manzke
Address: 3024 Mathews Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
"I don't know!"
Intentions: To own a dress and shoe shop

Name: Doris Maskell
Address: 3005 Overland Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Grey
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Flaming hair
Intentions: To become chief reporter for a distinguished newspaper

Name: Doris Jeannette Marcks
Address: 809 East Forty-first Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
"Jean Harlow" hair
Intentions: To be an English teacher

Name: Ella Edna Maurer
Address: 2607 List Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light
Distinguishing mark:
Widow's peak
Intentions: To keep a complete scrap book

Name: Eleanore C. Markiewicz
Address: 2108 East Pratt Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Chestnut brown
Distinguishing mark:
A new shade of fingernail polish every week
Intentions: To travel in Africa and Asia

Name: Hedwig Mazejko
Address: 422 South Patterson Park Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Inventing new giggles
Intentions: To become private secretary to Rudy Vallee

Name: Anthea J. Menas
Address: 156 North Exeter Street
Description:
Height: 4 feet, 11 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Dimple on right cheek
Intentions: To work in an office

Name: Dorothy N. Miller
Address: 4900 Harford Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Shyness
Intentions: To be a June bride

Name: Dorothy Meyer
Address: 2801 Gibbons Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Twisting her spit curl
Intentions: To be a secretary

Name: Mildred Miller
Address: 2204 Pelham Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Late as usual
Intentions: To ride in an ambulance (as a nurse)

Name: Vivian Marie Meyers
Address: 1723 Homestead Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Big eyes
Intentions: To be a hairdresser

Name: Sophia Agnes Miller
Address: 3605 White Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 7 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Dark brunette
Distinguishing mark:
Dimples
Intentions: To be Bing Crosby's co-star

Name: Dolores Michel
Address: 1706 East Twenty-ninth Street
Description:
Height; 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
¼ of the "Big Four"
Intentions: **"I wonder!"**

Name: Eleanor Kathryn Mitchell
Address: 2876 Harford Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 7 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Passion for collecting popular songs
Intentions: To own a white cottage with green shutters and a picket fence

Name: Rosalie Michelson
Address: 142 Jackson Place
Description:
Height: **5 feet, 5 inches**
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Beauty marks
Intentions: To become a successful stenographer

Name: Ruth Virginia Mitchell
Address: 2802 Northern Parkway
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Green
Hair: Chestnut brown
Distinguishing mark:
Ability to act
Intentions: To grow tall

Name: Wilma Moessinger
Address: 116 South Ellwood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Blushing
Intentions: To be a rare and perfect stenographer

Name: Mildred Nennstiel
Address: 1713 Cliftview Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet 4½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Dimples
Intentions: A commercial career

Name: Fern Rebecca Moller
Address: 517 East 35th Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Her handwriting
Intentions: To travel

Name: Blanche Neumann
Address: 103 South Curley Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Chestnut
Distinguishing mark:
"Is that so!"
Intentions: To sketch beautiful faces

Name: Ruth Muehlhause
Address: 4943 Belair Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Dark blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Dainty and petite features
Intentions: To become a pharmacist

Name: Margaret (Marge) Nily
Address: 2208 East Biddle Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
A passion for cherry ice-cream
Intentions: To become a brilliant English student

Name: Nanette Ruth Muller
Address: 3012 Abell Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Annette
Intentions: Somewhat heterogeneous

Name: Naomi Ningard
Withdrew before graduation

Name: Mary E. Napfel
Address: 700 Penlucy Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Red
Distinguishing mark:
Swinging walk
Intentions: To rid the world of freckles

Name: Dorothea Lee Norman
Address: 552 Radnor Avenue
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Southern accent
Intention: To remain single

Name: Frances Edna Oehm
Address: 16 South East Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Titian
Distinguishing mark:
Unusual adeptness in the art of blushing
Intentions: To go through the Panama Canal

Name: Dorothy Maryann Overman
Address: 621 North Collington Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Chestnut brown
Distinguishing mark:
Bitten fingernails
Intentions: To recover from weakness for Irishmen

Name: Reba H. Ogurick
Address: 918 Watson Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Nicely shaped teeth
Intentions: To go abroad

Name: Edith Harriet Padgett
Address: 3115 White Avenue
Description:
Height, 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Carrying a history book by Lingley
Intentions: Not to blush, no matter what befalls

Name: Dorothy Oldfield
Address: 2105 North Calvert Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Rhythm in dancing and skating
Intentions: To buy an Austin

Name: Marie Panico
Address: 2915 Glenmore Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Passing in history tests
Intentions: To be a private secretary

Name: Catherine O'Neill
Address: 1337 East North Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Gray green
Hair: Auburn
Distinguishing mark:
Iris
Intentions: To become a nurse

Name: Katherine J. Parker
Address: 2732 Guilford Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
One of the Three Musketeers
Intentions: College

Name: Amelia Mary Ortel
Address: 1111 Darley Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Oriental eyes
Intentions: To own a car

Name: Katherine Parrish
Address: 219 East Lafayette Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Copper
Distinguishing mark:
A turned up nose
Intentions: To go to college

Name: Katherine Parsley
Address: 3031 Westfield Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3½ inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Freckles
Intentions: To raise dogs

Name: Mildred Gwendolyn Pfeiffer
Address: 5100 Walther Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Medium blonde
Distinguishing mark:
An angelic face
Intentions: To be a commercial artist

Name: Leah Pats
Address: 1927 Orleans Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brownish green
Hair: Brunette
Distinguishing mark:
Snake charming ring
Intentions: Strictly honorable

Name: Virginia Charlotte Pipitone
Address: 211 North Linwood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3½ inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Bewitching eyes
Intentions: Strictly honorable

Name: Goldie Pattashnick
Address: 3 North Broadway
Description:
Eyes: Brown
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Humor
Intentions: To be a successful business woman

Name: Ruth Poehlman
Address: 2100 Erdman Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Giggling
Intentions: To be a good stenographer

Name: Barbara Mary Pavlik
Address: 2111 Sinclair Lane
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Guess!
Intentions: To be a commercial artist

Name: Beatrice Poltrack
Address: 1618 East Baltimore Street
Description
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Bluish gray
Hair: Reddish brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dimples
Intentions: To be a private secretary to a rich bachelor

Name: Margaret Regina Pekar
Address: 1731 Gough Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
"Hold my books, please."
Intentions: To write a book

Name: Ruth Pretsch
Address: 2821 Mathew Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Man hater
Intentions: To be a stewardess on an ocean lines.

Name: Olive Price
Address: 1728 Abbottston Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Bewitching dimples
Intentions: To become the ninth wonder of the world

Name: Edith Reather
Address: 3800 East Overlea Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Grey
Distinguishing mark:
Scar on the chin
Intentions: To be an embalmer

Name: Leila Pritchett
Address: 4007 Woodlea Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2½ inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Deeply set eyes
Intentions: To visit Hawaii on her honeymoon

Name: Catherine Redding
Address: 236 South Highland Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
"Miss Blushing Giggles"
Intentions: One never knows!

Name: Alfreda Joan Przybylowska
Address: 2204 Gough Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Greenish brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
A dimple
Intentions: To be as great a hairdresser as Antoine

Name: Ruth Reville
Address: 2515 Hermosa Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Hazel eyes
Intentions: To benefit from major home economics

Name: Bernice Pula
Address: 2005 Bank Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Ability to make friends
Intentions: To change the base metals to gold

Name: Thelma Reynolds
Address: 3710 Tivoly Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Greenish blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Pianist
Intentions: To teach music

Name: Zelma Putsche
Address: 1628 East Federal Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
"Did you do your French?"
Intentions: To be a stenographer

Name: Thelma Reynolds
Address: 25 South East Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Two pins representing "Flying Horsemen"
Intentions: To become a nurse

Name: Doris Elisabeth Rheinhardt
Address: 107 East 32nd Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
A United States Navy ring
Intentions: To be a veterinarian

Name: Mildred Rivlin
Address: 1737 East Baltimore Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Looking for quotations
Intentions: To do right without doing wrong

Name: Sophie Rifkin
Address: 5002 Curtis Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Blushing
Intentions: Private secretary to a rich man

Name: Grace Robinson
Address: 436 East North Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Hair: Blonde
Eyes: Blue
Distinguishing mark:
"Isn't Clark Gable grand?"
Intentions: To teach history

Name: Mazie Evelyn Riley
Address: 3815 Belair Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dimples
Intentions: To become a successful business woman

Name: Betty Lee Rochfort
Address: 1510 East Lafayette Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Light blue
Hair: Natural blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Taking the part of fairy queens
Intentions: To be an actress

Name: Eva Ritterman
Address: 1436 Holbrook Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Long eye lashes
Intentions: To be a success in salesmanship

Name: Ruth Kathleen Roeseke
Address: 2204 Eastern Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Roaming the halls near a certain office
Intentions: To travel on credit

Name: Loretta Ritz
Address: 828 North Chester Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Being good-natured
Intentions: Good

Name: Elise O. Romanuk
Address: 931 McDonough Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet 8 inches
Eyes: Gray green
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Clever remarks
Intentions: To be a great singer of Russian music

Name: Dorothy Roop
Address: 4300 Hamilton Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Denseness
Intentions: To go to college

Name: Betty Rubin
Address: 4331 East Lombard Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Witticisms
Intentions: To trisect an angle

Name: Edwina R. Rose
Address: 609 McCabe Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Calmness
Intentions: To complete the last two lines of one of the many poems which she has started

Name: Edith Ruhl
Address: 1206 North Bradford Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 7 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Eating candy in commercial law
Intentions: To be a perfect stenographer

Name: Margaret Rosenberger
Address: 706 North Linwood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Auburn
Distinguishing mark:
A tantalizing dimple in chin
Intentions: To become a secretary

Name: Anna Lee Rupprecht
Address: 3103 Beverly Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5½ inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Medium brown
Distinguishing mark:
Running for street cars
Intentions: "Hear no evil! See no evil! Speak no evil!

Name: Mildred Roth
Address: 3626 Ednor Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Forgetfulness
Intentions: To travel

Name: Margaret Rush
Address: 1625 North Bond Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Pretty teeth
Intentions: To travel extensivelv

Name: Dorothy M. Roycroft
Address. 2037 East 32nd Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
A trail of broken test tubes
Intentions: None——just hopes!

Name: Charlotte Henriette Schaefer
Address: 6223 Everall Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Dancing till dawn
Intentions: To swim the Hellesport

Name: Olga H. Schaefer
Address: 6602 Fairdel Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Pictures of Mickey Mouse
Intentions: To be a stenographer

Name: Sylvia Scherr
Address: 2014 East Pratt Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
"Oh, I didn't know that."
Intentions: To be a nurse

Name: Anna May Schall
Address: 1704 East 33rd Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 7 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Sneezing at the wrong time
Intentions: To go to college

Name: Carol Kathlyn Schilling
Address: 3100 East Grindon Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Dramatic expression in voice
Intentions: To have a B.S. in history

Name: Caroline W. Schelhaus
Address: 2428 East Eager Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2½ inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Titian blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Color of hair
Intentions: Private secretary to a rich man

Name: Ida Schlachman
Address: 60 Market Place
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Pretty dimple
Intentions: To be a buyer in a department store

Name: Violet Schepler
Address: 1902 Oak Hill Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 8 inches
Eyes: Dark blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Dimple in chin
Intentions: To travel

Name: Doris Lillian Schmalbach
Address: 3603 Echodale Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 8 inches
Eyes: Blue gray
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dimples in cheeks and chin
Intentions: To be a governess

Name: Grace Scherf
Address: 515 East 20th Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue gray
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Smile
Intentions: To travel

Name: Doris Schmuff
Address: 615 Melville Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Being well dressed
Intentions: To be a secretary

Name: Vera Alda Schoene
Address: 2005 Barclay Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Red
Distinguishing mark:
Love of dancing
Intentions: To graduate from E. H. S.

Name: Josephine Sczepucha
Address: 4615 Pennington Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown (light)
Distinguishing mark:
Hee, Hee!
Intentions: To become a good typist

Name: Myrtle Ellen Schoeppe
Address: 3153 Lyndale Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Always found with Mazie Riley
Intentions: To become an efficient secretary

Name: Betty Sehrt
Address: 2901 Mayfield Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dimples
Intentions: To drive a car

Name: Thelma Schuler
Address: 1903 Wolfe Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Auburn
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Hair
Intentions: To be a radio musician

Name: Elizabeth Seidl
Address: 1922 East 30th Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Blushing
Intentions: To be a good stenographer

Name: Esther Schurman
Address: 3501 Echodale Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Pessimism
Intentions: To write

Name: Marie E. Seippel
Address: 509 Rossiter Avenue
Description:
Height: 4 feet, 11 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Always flitting around
Intentions: To go to Mount Holyoke College

Name: C. Elizabeth Scott
Address: 404 North Belnord Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 7 inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Ash blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Earrings
Intentions: To become Mrs.———

Name: Pearl Sennett
Address: 317 South Robinson Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Blushing
Intentions: To try to find a job as a secretary

Name: Ruth Shamberger
Address: 5206 Midwood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dimple in the right cheek
Intentions: To be a gym instructor

Name: Lois Siegle
Address: 3304 Lerch Drive
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Gray green
Hair: Deep blonde
Distinguishing mark:
A charming personality
Intentions: To collect the world's best poetry

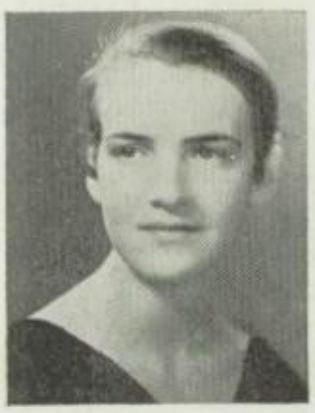
Name: Miriam Shapiro
Address: 503 North Chester Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2½ inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Orating (?)
Intentions: Parler francais parfaitement

Name: Jeannette Mildred Siff
Address: 231 South Eden Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Pretty eyes and lashes
Intentions: To become a physician

Name: E. Jennette Shaub
Address: 6307 Old Harford Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
"I thought I'd die."
Intentions: To be a successful secretary

Name: Helen Simms
Address: 4713 Greenhill Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Flute player
Intentions: To travel with a female orchestra

Name: Ruth Sheffer
Address: 2805 Strathmore Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Ability to make dates
Intentions: To be a nurse



Name: Stella Singer
Address: 27 South Eden Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Her imitation of Joe Penner
Intentions: To become a secretary

Name: Helen Shover
Address: 3210 Evergreen Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Prepared home assignments
Intentions: To become a certified public accountant

Name: Evelyn Slayesman
Address: 1803 East North Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Seriousness
Intentions: To be a nurse

Name: Emma Smith
Address: 800 North Linwood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brunette
Distinguishing mark:
Red finger nails
Intentions: To have a home in Centerton, New Jersey

Name: Bernida Stadelmeier
Address: 2012 East Lafayette Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Mole on forehead
Intentions: To be a teacher

Name: Evelyn Dorothy Smith
Address: 412 North Haven Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Golden red
Distinguishing mark:
An infectious giggle
Intentions: To tread the Milky Way

Name: Teresa Stecher
Address: 119 North Duncan Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Abundant supply of notes in studying for a test
Intentions: To study beauty culture

Name: Rose Smith
Address: 19 North Hare Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Grayish green
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Two U. of M. rings
Intentions: To be a nurse

Name: A. Elizabeth Steedman
Address: 2227 Prentiss Place
Description:
Eyes: Brown
Height: 3 feet, 3½ inches
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Attractive personality
Intentions: To become a nurse

Name: Dorothy Wilson Snyder
Address: 923 North Gay Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Beautiful teeth
Intentions: To go to Bermuda

Name: Phyllis M. Stegman
Address: 618 East 33rd Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 7 inches
Eyes: Light blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Giggles
Intentions: ?

Name: Ruth A. L. Snyder
Address: 5504 Arabia Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 7 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Very disturbing eyes
Intentions: To be as versatile as dear old Vergil

Name: Alice Lavinia Stein
Address: 642 West 36th Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Literary ability
Intentions: Journalistic

Name: Marjorie Rieman Steuart
Address: 2408 Guilford Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Expressive use of hands
Intentions: To go to the World Olympics in 1936

Name: Edna Street
Address: 421 Homeland Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Gracefulness
Intentions: To get some elephants for Fran Taylor

Name: Ethel Stinefelt
Address: 405 Lake Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3½ inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Eating other people's chocolates
Intentions: To gain ten pounds

Name: Marion Strobel
Address: 5715 York Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Southern accent
Intentions: To become a good horseback rider

Name: Mary Stoia
Address: 3114 Louise Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4½ inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
"I'm going to a dance Sunday"
Intentions: To play the piano for a certain banjo player

Name: Dorothy Strohecker
Address: 208 South Chester Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Bewitching dimples
Intentions: To tour the world

Name: Thelma Catherine Stone
Address: 1235 North Luzerne Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing marks:
Pencil, note-book, and benefit tickets
Intentions: To graduate in 1934

Name: Beatrice Tamres
Address: 1811 East Fairmount Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1 inch
Eyes: Grayish green
Hair: Brunette
Distinguishing mark:
Pearly white teeth
Intentions: To be a perfect stenographer

Name: Vera Stozek
Address: 2412 East Monument Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dimples
Intentions: To work in an office

Name: Jennett Tawney
Address: 1727 North Caroline Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
See Criminal Court Records
Intentions: To destroy the records previously mentioned

Name: Helen Alma Taylor
Address: 2900 Overland Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Keen sense of humor
Intentions: To learn to "sing like the birdies sing"

Name: Elsie Thorp
Address: 807 North Streeper Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue gray
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Rosy complexion
Intentions: To be a teacher

Name: Frances Gibson Taylor
Address: 3132 Abell Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Titian
Distinguishing mark:
Multicolored eyelashes
Intentions: To rid the country of corrupt politicians

Name: Mildred Turner
Address: 624 East 35th Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Talkativeness
Intentions: To own a new car

Name: Georgette Taylor
Address: 705 Belle Terre Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Grey
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Smile
Intentions: To become a dietitian

Name: Mildred Vlasta Tyburec
Address: 823 North Milton Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dimples
Intentions: To have a pilot's transport license

Name: Isabelle Dean Tewes
Address: 433 Rosebank Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Light blue
Hair: Dark blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Newly cut bangs
Intentions: To become a mathematician

Name: Margaret Vanderslice
Address: 118 Taplow Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Smiling countenance
Intentions: To go to college

Name: Charlotte Dorothy Thiel
Address: 2416 Kentucky Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Blonde hair
Intentions: To work in an office

Name: Anne Vance
Address: 4427 Raspe Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dimple in left cheek
Intentions: To be an accountant

Name: Doris Wachter
Address: 2508 Hermosa Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Dashing in at 8:59½ A. M.
Intentions: To react in English someday

Name: Carol E. Way
Address: 436 North Kenwood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light
Distinguishing mark:
A beauty mark
Intentions: To graduate in '34

Name: Ruth Wallington
Address: 2629 East Oliver Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 8 inches
Hair: Blonde
Eyes: Hazel
Distinguishing mark:
Habitual grin
Intentions: To become a nurse

Name: Juanita Wayland
Address: 3707 Gough Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
That 2-cent giggle
Intentions: To become a perfect stenographer

Name: Dorothy E. Walter
Address: 5307 Tramore Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1½ inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Auburn
Distinguishing mark:
Wavy hair
Intentions: To be a successful private secretary

Name: Helen Louise Wehrheim
Address: 917 North Kresson Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 7 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Reddish brown
Distinguishing mark:
Freckles
Intentions: To read all the books in the library

Name: Annabel Waltrup
Address: 520 East 20th Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Vain efforts to walk quickly
Intentions: To go to business school

Name: Helen Weis
Address: 2509 Guilford Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Quiet manner
Intentions: To go to college

Name: Dorothy Elizabeth Waters
Address: 1439 Homestead Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 1½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Golden brown
Distinguishing mark:
Once a friend, always a friend
Intentions: To be one of America's leading artists

Name: Dorothy Martin Weiss
Address: 129 North Potomac Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6½ inches
Eyes: Blue gray
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Member of "Big Four"
Intentions: To write books

Name: Altheria Wells
Address: 2823 Roselawn Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Always laughing
Intentions: We would like to know.

Name: M. Dolores Williams
Address: 116 South Potomac Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Auburn
Distinguishing mark:
Can't pronounce "vehicle"
Intentions: Not to be one of the unemployed

Name: Kathryn Welsch
Address: 2208 Hamilton Avenue
Description:
Height: 4 feet, 11 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Smallness of stature
Intentions: To become an efficient nurse

Name: Marguerite Wilson
Address: 5310 Catalpha Road
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4½ inches
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Golden brown
Distinguishing mark:
Always smiling
Intentions: To visit the city under the sea

Name: La Vern Westerland
Address: 1702 Windemere Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Gray
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Scholastic ability
Intentions: Secretarial

Name: C. Anne Wollman
Address: 2842 Guilford Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6½ inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Blonde
Distinguishing mark:
Prettiest face in 1934
Intentions: To keep the Navy from being bachelors

Name: Betsy Witzell
Address: 432 North Broadway
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 6½ inches
Eyes: Green
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Raving about red hair
Intentions: To exterminate crooners

Name: Catherine Wooldridge
Address: 4708 Schley Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Light brown
Distinguishing mark:
Talking too rapidly
Intentions: To do her best

Name: Joy White
Address: 1613 Pumphrey Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Twinkling eyes
Intentions: Always the best

Name: Martha Evely Wright
Address: 2203 North Calvert Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Dry humor
Intentions: To recuperate

Name: Caroline Yeager
Address: 2220 Eastern Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Brown
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Strolling in after the notices are read
Intentions: To lead a happy life

Name: Alice Zerbola
Address: 1713 Darley Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2 inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Scholastic ability
Intentions: To be a secretary

Name: Ruth Adele Young
Address: 1919 East 28th Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4½ inches
Eyes: Blue gray
Hair: Medium brown
Distinguishing mark:
Collecting things for her memory book
Intentions: To be an artist

Name: Ruth K. Ziehl
Address: 5000 Russ Road, Hamilton
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Dark brown
Hair: Dark brown
Distinguishing mark:
Earrings
Intentions: To marry a lawyer

Name: Myrtle Youngman
Address: 615 Parkwyrth Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 4½ inches
Eyes: Hazel
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Elsie
Intentions: To become a famous violinist

Name: Mildred Ziethen
Address: 220 N. Patterson Park Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 2½ inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Two beauty marks on the face
Intentions: To go to Africa

Name: Florence Zebest
Address: 244 South Bond Street
Description:
Height: 5 feet
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Black
Distinguishing mark:
Big eyes
Intentions: To travel around the world

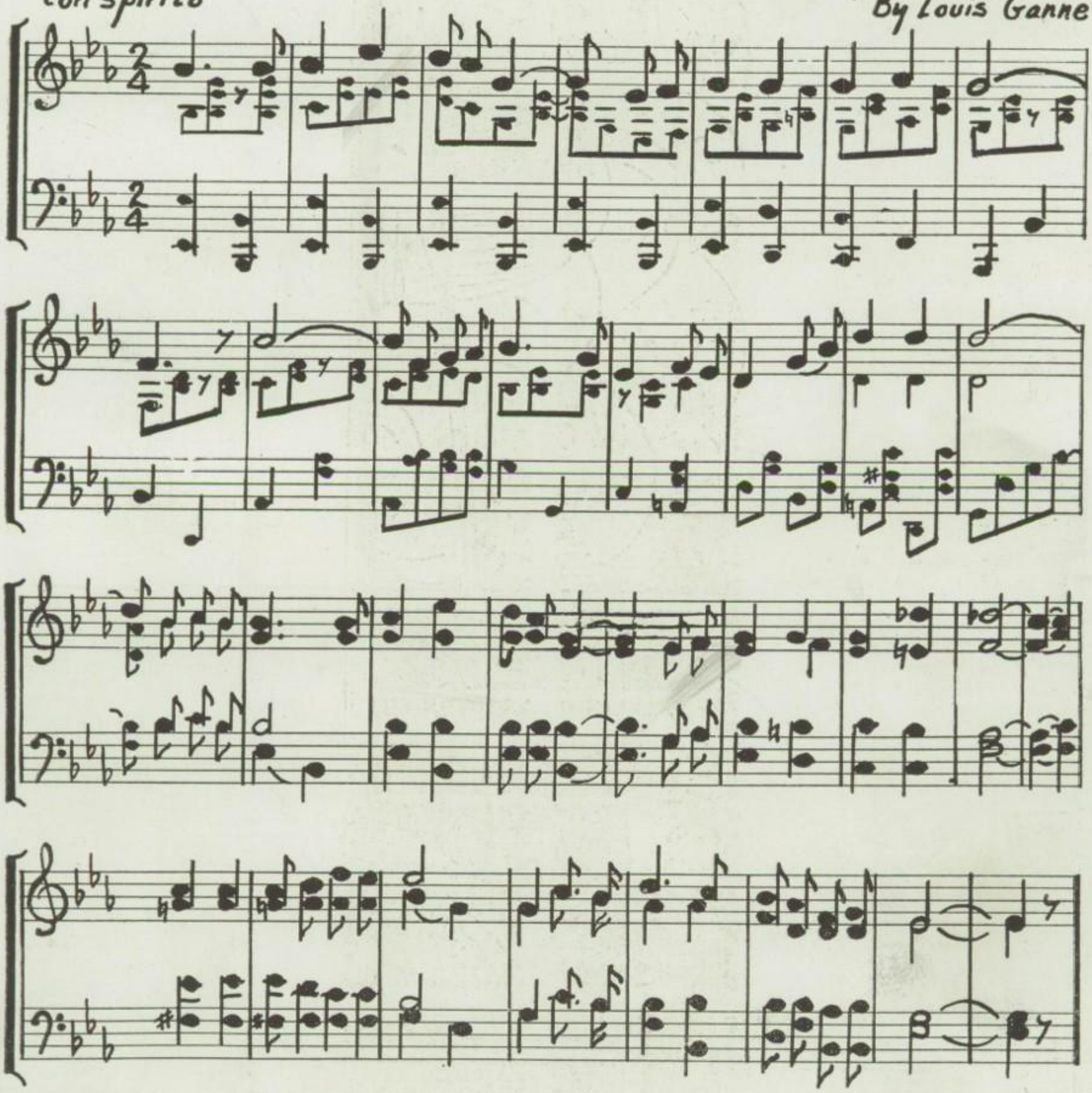
Name: Ruth Katherine Zimmerer
Address: 144 South Ellwood Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Always giggling
Intentions: To stop the manufacture of red ink

Name: Ruth Naomi Zeller
Address: 2739 Eastern Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 3 inches
Eyes: Blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
A white collar peeking out of a sport sweater
Intentions: To found a home for orphan doggies

Name: Elizabeth Zurll
Address: 2914 Sylvan Avenue
Description:
Height: 5 feet, 5 inches
Eyes: Grey blue
Hair: Brown
Distinguishing mark:
Curly locks
Intentions: To be a secretary

34'S CLASS SONG

Tune: "Light Triumphant"
By Louis Ganne



Eastern dear, we sing thy praise,
We, the Class of '34,
Ardently our voices raise—
Pledging love forevermore.
Like our colors red and white,
As the years go rolling by,
May our lives be pure and bright,
And honor bring to Eastern High.

The eagle soars on noble wings,
Leaving all that's base below;
May we too seek higher things,
As onward we shall go.
Though our ways at last must part,
We will cherish evermore
Deep within each loyal heart
Dear Eastern High and '34.

S.S. '34
IRMA GREEN

Prophecy

"The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
But in ourselves, that we are underlings."

Thus ran the thoughts of a graduate as she started her life's voyage on the great uncharted seas. She knew what she wanted to do, but would her hopes be fulfilled? Would the lives of her friends work out as they so ardently desired? Her thoughts slipped farther and farther from the present, into the impenetrable blackness of the future, and gazing at the blinking stars, she glimpsed a bit of the beyond.

She first saw an art studio where Anna Diegelman was conscientiously painting red and gold eagles. How hard she had worked for that assignment! In a corner of the same room was another artist (from the back it looked like Mary Napfel) who was drawing "I do and I don't" for the Juniper Pine Tar advertisement. Her models were none other than Mary Kramer and Eleanor Vomastek.

A fire gong sounded and the graduate peered into an engine house just in time to see Ruth Bachtel—the Fire Chief—quickly sliding down the pole and leaping into her little red car.

Next a department store took form and a very familiar figure came into view. But it was in men's clothes! It couldn't be!—but it was—Nanette Muller, nonchalantly modeling the latest thing in young men's apparel. In the store were two other well-known Easternites—Rita Le Cuyer, who was modeling hats, and Lois Siegle, the proprietor of a beauty salon where, each day, she proudly displayed, for public approval, another of her ingenious hair creations.

Next she found herself in a pent-house apartment. Here she saw Annette Frank, busily revising her fifth edition of "Crush Etiquette," and Katherine Parker, who had just returned from a furniture factory where she was employed making Latin cribs. On a table in the room lay an "Extra" with the startling headline—"Two new additions in the Walters Art Gallery." Under it was a lengthy description of Eva Bankhard's choice collection of china dogs and a picture of Jean Lennon as a Roman athlete. So this is what Latin assemblies did to Jean! The dreamer was interrupted in her reading by the untimely entrance of Frances Blair who was following a literary career as the "brains" behind "Aunt Fannie's Advice to the Lovelorn."

The scene again faded and next the fair graduate found herself in a broadcasting station, listening to Evelyn Lindes, who was entertaining on the "Children's Hour"; in the next room she saw Edwina Rose doubling for Floyd Gibbons. The two radio stars left the studio together and went to the theatre where Carolyn Shilling was starred as ballet dancer in "Okay Manhattan." Other attractions were Mary Augusta Cowman, teaming with George Burns; Charlotte Marx as "Lotto," the fifth Marx brother; Ruth Lowry—the voice of glamorous Minnie Mouse; and Ruth Mitchell who, because of her superb acting in Eastern's plays, was given the leading role of noises off-stage.

Again the scene changed—this time to Madison Square Garden where the word bout of the season was scheduled: Marie Seippel vs. Ruth Snyder, with Dorothy Roycroft as referee. During the fight, however, complications set in when Dot, forgetting her position, made an eternal triangle by joining in. You can imagine with whom she sided. In the audience were several other successful members of '34. Among them were Loretta Ritz, who, realizing the futility of attempting co-education at McDonogh, had turned her talents to instructing southern misses in the gentle art of acquiring that southern accent, and Virginia Lloyd, an able mistress of a girls' reform school. Alma Taylor, who was giving vocal instructions at the conservatory (her motto being "Do as I say, not as I do"), and Ruth Shamburger, Ph.D., B.A., B.S., X.X., were also present.

Next there appeared a science laboratory where Marian Dobler was fondly caressing caterpillars prior to skinning them for teddy bear furs. In the adjoining room Bernice Pula was frantically searching for a mole on a molecule, while Jean Coulbourn was just completing her discovery of Alice's magic potion. Eleanor Brown was also at work formulating a vanishing cream—for freckles, of course!

The scenes quickly changed now to a group of gesticulating women vigorously punctuating a forceful speech of Frances Fox, President of the Women's Temperance Society. Jeannette Shant was composing an ending for Beethoven's "Unfinished Symphony," while Carolyn Lobdell was teaching the Carioca to a group of Eastern Freshmen; another group centered around a white clad figure resembling Mahatma Ghandi, who, on closer inspection, proved to be Virginia Griffin, Ambassador to Rome.

Soon the dreamer found herself in the country at a litlte roadside inn. Sarah Strumsky was manager. She was vainly arguing with two saleswomen, known at Eastern as Elsie Thorpe and Catherine Welsch, who were determined to sell her a jar of "La Crème de Brown" (Eleanor's, of course).

In the tea shop was a group of old acquaintances—Dorothy Weis, the beloved mascot of the University of Michigan; Anne Wollman, appropriately appointed Secretary of the Navy; and Mary Flowers, who had recently returned from Europe, having presented a new national anthem to Great Britain.

Suddenly our graduate found herself in the "magic ring"—Barnum and Bailey's world-famous circus. Peanuts were being sold by Elizabeth Hogan, while Marie Beran was proving a success as Master of Ceremonies, and Elizabeth Herrlich and Elsie Cook (The Broncho Sisters) gave a breath-taking performance as bare-back riders.

And now, once more, the curtain closes, and while the stars blink wisely, keeping much of their knowledge still hidden, our prophetess sleeps quietly as the S. S. '34 sails peacefully on.

Log of the S. S. '34

Freshman Year

September 4, '30—S. S. '34 docked at Freshman Island. A number of green students aboard! Everyone was eager to explore the island.

November 20, '30—S. S. '34 met first storm on its voyage. We Freshies were defeated by the sophisticated Sophies in the first hockey game of the season.

November 27, '30—Fair weather again! We overcame those stately Seniors from Senior Island today in the second hockey game of the season. (The game was ours by just one point.)

February 5, '31—Clear weather continued—We defeated the Sophomores today in basketball! Ye ho, my lassies!

Sophomore Year

September 8, '31—S. S. '34 arrived at Sophomore Island with a greatly increased passenger list.

December 18, '31—This morning we were introduced to the Pilot of the S. S. '34—Mrs. Parrish!

February 16, '32—Three cheers! Our first class meeting, and the Class of 1934 was organized!

March 2, '32—Blue skies and sunshine today! We "blew the Freshies down" in both the hockey and basketball games.

March 17, '32—A very blue St. Patrick's Day for the crew and passengers of the S. S. '34. The Seniors defeated us in basketball!

March 18, '32—The monthly meeting of '34 was held today. As the entertainment, B1 and B3 presented "Fascinating Fanny Brown." Indeed, my mates and I were all fascinated!

April 29, '32—Golden treasures discovered on Sophomore Island—lovely class pins in the form of a golden eagle and acorn.

May 13, '32—Entertainment on shipboard! '34 presented the inhabitants of other islands in the Sea of Eastern "The Dream Peddler," written by our Pilot. This play was the highlight of our youthful existence.

Junior Year

October 18, '32—'34 discovered a moving picture theater on Junior Island at the very beginning of its exploration; as a result, we saw "Smilin' Thru," and most of us are still crying.

November 21, '32—The "Show Boat" docked at our Island, and how enjoyable and exquisite was the performance it gave!

November 28, '32—Ship ahoy! The pot of gold at the end of the rainbow was found at last, and right here on Junior Island too. Imagine the surprise and joy of '34 when we found it contained Eastern rings! We were so excited we even sang some old sea chanties.

January 24, '33—To think, '34 really has a sea chanty all her own—"Light Triumphant."

February 24, '33—The event most anticipated by the crew and passengers of the S. S. '34—the prom. Yes, we danced 'til 11 p. m., but the dancing was neither of the jig nor the horn pipe variety.

March 24, '33—The day started out bright with victory because we won the first basketball game from the Sophies. But then the fog of defeat swept down on our island, for we lost the second game.

March 31, '33—"Junior Day" with an assemblage of visitors from our neighboring islands here on Junior Island! '34 presented for their enjoyment "The Singing Guard" by Mrs. Ross Parrish. Also, the S. S. '34 was presented with a red, white, and golden banner to float on its bow—"Altiora Peto."

June 9, '33—We Juniors and the Seniors, also, left our respective islands and the Sea of Eastern to go bounding over the Chesapeake on a boat ride. What fun! What memories!

Senior Year

October 6, '33—The most important meeting of the crew and passengers of the S. S. '34 ever held—the Senior Assembly. This is the first event in the exploration of the last island in Eastern's Sea.

November 9, 10, '33—A famous personage aboard the S. S. '34—Helen Hayes. This petite actress, with other notable actors, presented to us "Mary of Scotland." Was anything ever so perfect?

January 12, '34—A guest on board! "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans." She is the heroine of '34's play of the same name which was given tonight.

January 26, '34—Today, all of us "stately" Seniors are members of the nursery of the S. S. '34—What fun running about in hair ribbons and dresses just reaching our knees.

January 23, '34—Mid-year Farewell Assembly for all of the passengers and crew of our ship who were soon to depart from Senior Island.

February 13, '34—Mid-year Commencement with diplomas intermingled with tears saltier than the briny deep.

February 16, '34—The Senior Prom—dancing on polished floors,—(dreamy) music! The last

event before so many of our number embarked from these safe and quiet waters to strange, unknown ports.

March 2, '34—Stormy weather—gales and winds. The neighboring Juniors defeated us in basketball.

April 12, '34—My mates and I were all "looking pretty, please" while the class picture of '34 was being taken.

May 10, '34—Crew and passengers were called together for the last time, for this was really the final class meeting of '34. (Remember the first?)

June 1, '34—The Farewell Assembly! '34 assembled with the friends from the other three islands for the last time. We felt weepy, sort of!

June 8, '34—Again the S. S. '34 was deserted, as the Seniors and Juniors sallied forth on the Chesapeake in a strange boat for a glorious ride. Anchors aweigh!

June 12, '34—Received Senior Echo which contained map of our cruise. This is a treasure to be kept always as a remembrance of this wonderful four year voyage.

June 26, '34—Commencement, the night of nights—the end of our trip. The S. S. '34 is now ready to give up her maps and charts to '35, so that she may benefit by our experiences and mistakes.

June 27, '34—The June Prom—our last, prolonged farewell to the Sea of Eastern, Senior Island, and the S. S. '34.

BON VOYAGE!

Graduation Tears

By Virginia Hagerty, '34

I have often wondered why girls cry at their graduation, and after seriously contemplating the matter, I have decided that this effusive weeping is usually caused by one of three possibilities: joy, sorrow, or shock.

When a girl has completed four years of hard work, she is naturally delighted to receive her diploma. She feels that something has been accomplished, something gained. All life lies before her with its joys, sorrows, fun, and grief. But she, feeling very optimistic at the time, thinks only of the pleasure she is about to enjoy. No more midnight oil need be burned; no more headaches acquired during Aeneas's voyage across the sea; no more mad rushes to the library for a Bassett; and no more futile attempts to solve an irrational equation correctly when something is radically wrong. With such trials eliminated, why shouldn't she be happy? She can control her pent-up emotions no longer. Tears rise with her spirits, and the ecstatic graduate reaches for her handkerchief. "Yes," she sobbingly concludes, "graduation is wonderful, and I am the happiest girl in the world."

But there are others who do not share this attitude. They, too, are crying, but not with joy. They, poor souls, are in the depths of despair. Life holds nothing for them! All is over! As they think back over the good times they have had at high school, the future seems more empty than ever. No more proms at which to exhibit their favorite evening gowns and, incidentally, their favorite beaux; no more exciting basketball games at which to cheer; no more class plays to look forward to; and, above all, no more opportunities to adore the teacher on whom they have a serious crush. How can they ever exist without seeing her at least once each day? without hearing her beloved voice? Violent sobs shake their bodies. Tears flow copiously down their cheeks, but they are too sorrowful to notice. This is the saddest day in their lives, and there is nothing left to live for.

The other dazed weepers do not know whether they are happy or sad. This is so unexpected! They had no idea of graduating so soon. Why, they have only been in high school five years, and just think of the progress they have made. It is too good to be true! One young lady, fearing that she is dreaming, is about to pinch herself when she hears her name. Dazedly, she totters across the platform to receive her diploma. There can be no mistake now—she is awake. But how did she ever get through? Perhaps her English teacher gave her that extra point to make her mark a sixty. That certainly was sweet of her, and she will never forget her for it. Now, her trials are over. No more quaking because of an unprepared home-assignment; no more cramming for tests; no more poor report cards to be signed; and no more misconduct marks. Her emotions run riot, and tears well up in the bewildered graduate's eyes as she rejoices in her good fortune. With her cherished diploma clutched tightly in one hand, she reaches for her handkerchief with the other and dries her tear-stained cheeks.

Thus, the commencement ends. Everyone has "wept her little weep," and leaves for home happy, sad, or considerably shocked. Yet, after two weeks have lapsed, all agree that that night was one of the high spots in their lives, one which will never be forgotten. And I, who understand, smile, for I know the feelings which caused their graduation tears.

Retrospect

By Alice Stein, '34

"Mm—well-l—maybe," these low murmured words were uttered by a girl, just a girl that you see every day and who seems to have emerged from a painter's brush, all touched up. And you say you "would like to know what she's murmuring about"?

"Why, nothing but school," I should reply.

"School! Good heavens, is *that* all?"

"Ah, my dear, you misunderstand. It's not school as you know it, perhaps, but school from a graduate's viewpoint; and that's very different. She is weighing judiciously in her mind whether it was worth it all."

Meditating a bit, the subject of this conversation decides that homework was the most dreaded, the most disagreeable, and the most unsatisfactory part of her school life. Yes, it caused gray hairs, *actually one,* and no end of worries. If she did conscientiously pay attention in class, concentrated upon explanations, and then went home and tried to apply them upon, say, relative pronouns in French, she was utterly at sea, because she found so many new questions popping up which hadn't occurred to her before. It was disheartening, after being scrupulously attentive for the whole of forty-five minutes, to have such unsatisfactory results. It was just beyond endurance! But there was another way to take homework. Daringly she went home, declaring, "I'm not going to do all that homework. Why, it will take me hours; and, anyway, I've worked hard every night recently." But oh, the next day! She awoke with a queer feeling. Why, what was the matter? With a groan she realized, she hadn't done her homework. Rushing to class, she found that apparently no one else had and hurriedly tried to cram as much as possible into her brain in the ten minutes left before the first period. Unfortunately, she didn't get very much finished. Then classes began. She worried through the first period, jumping whenever the teacher called on someone. Escaping the first period, she hoped for good luck again in the second and so on through the day. By the end of school she felt as if she had been through a third degree for murder, and thought of all she had to do that night. Yes, our graduate concludes, homework was a horror any way you took it—or left it.

Casting away all thought of homework, her agile brain pounces upon her pet dislike, tests. "They're unfair," she cries. "After one studies and studies and perhaps studies some more, the teacher gives a test upon something which in her studying the student has but lightly touched upon. And the result,—a poor mark! It's conceivable that one can't know everything, and the teacher usually finds that thing. No," she reflects, "I'm being unfair. Some teachers are reasonable and very nicely review topics for us—may blessings rest upon their heads—but the others—."

"School has done me a great service," the graduate muses. "It has shown me some of the most interesting people I shall ever meet, my teachers. Some are meek and mild (although they, I think, are in the minority), some are model persons, some show sparks of 'rugged individualism,' and some are just human. Of them all, I suppose, I like best the human ones."

The next thing she concentrates upon, as she looks it over, is the social side of the school. "I've made friends whom I hope to keep outside of school," she reflects. "That, I think, is one of the best services a school can render, helping one to friendship. The things that friendship leads to are not to be considered lightly, either. We form clubs, interest ourselves in pleasures outside of school, meet other people, much of which would never have been possible if we had not attended a school. The class organization is also a big thing in every school girl's life. Without it there would be no thrill over electing officers, no class meetings, no boatrides, and no proms."

Characteristically the graduate realizes that she has forgotten the objective of school, education. She has been going to school for twelve years and just what has she gotten from it all, from the subjects taught, from the teachers, from the opportunities advanced by the school? She has had many experiences,—some quite pleasant, others not so enjoyable, she remembers. She has known success, the feeling of having done a task well; or she has known failure, the inability to do a certain subject at all. She knows, if she has taken the commercial course, how to take dictation, type a letter, keep books, use office machines; or, if she is an academic girl, she has had French, Latin, geometry, chemistry, subjects that will help her on to college, to prepare for 'Normal,' or for a nursing course. But no matter the course, the graduate has learned how to live. What to do when work or study is over is not so difficult a problem for her to solve as it would have been without the training she has received. She has learned that there are treasures in books and that

(*Continued on Page* 116)

34's Dramatic Career

'34's PREMIERE

The Class of '34 first displayed its dramatic talent when, in the Sophomore year, it presented "The Dream Peddler," a play in one act written by our talented adviser, Mrs. Ross Allison Parrish. Virginia Rice portrayed the dream Peddler, the hero of the play, who sold pleasant dreams to everyone. Clareen, the charming and lovely heroine, was ably enacted by Betty Lee Rochfort and Elizabeth Damm took the part of Robin, a sailor boy to whom the dream peddler had sold a dream of the sea. Other characters were taken by Doris Chance, a mother; Margaret Krause, her daughter; an old woman, Carol Schilling. Some minor personages were introduced, all of whom performed excellently.

The scenery and the background were unusual and lent a suitable and delightful atmosphere to the play.

Much talent was discovered in the portrayals of the characters of "The Dream Peddler." It was enthusiastically received by the school and was a glorious birth for the dramatic attempts of the Class of Thirty-four.

E. R. R.

"THE SINGING GUARD"

On March 30, 1933, the Class of 1934 again displayed its dramatic powers in the presentation of "The Singing Guard," a two-act play by Mrs. Ross Allison Parrish. Betty Lee Rochfort played the part of Princess Penelope, who fell in love with the guard at the castle gate, the guard's charming voice having allured her. The singing guard (or Ruth Lowry) in turn loved Princess Penelope for her beauty and graciousness, and faithfully he watched over her. One day after the gardener, Laura Gurney, had told him that Penelope was going to marry the Duke of Ratavia, he left his post to go to her. His absence was discovered and when he returned to the castle gate, he was arrested for desertion.

It was a court custom that the Princess should release, on her birthday, one prisoner. This year three were in consideration—the old violin player, portrayed by Rose Scott; the slave girl, or Mildred Armiger; and the Singing Guard. The old man has become used to the prison and begs to remain there, but the slave girl longs for her home and pleads to be set free. The Singing Guard announced before the court that if he were set free, he would kill the Duke of Ratavia. The Princess was torn between the pleas of the girl and her love for the guard. After consulting her father, she decides to free the slave girl, believing that her love would always remain with the Singing Guard. At this time the girl caught sight of a necklace sent by the Duke of Ratavia to Princess Penelope, and she recognized it as one stolen from her home by the Duke. This discovery made it quite clear that the Duke of Ratavia was not the man for the Princess to marry. The slave girl was freed and made Lady-in-waiting to Princess Penelope, while the Singing Guard finished his term in prison.

This delightful play brought to light some fine dramatic talent and this, together with the colorful scenery and costumes, made it a production long to be remembered by everyone.

E. H. P.

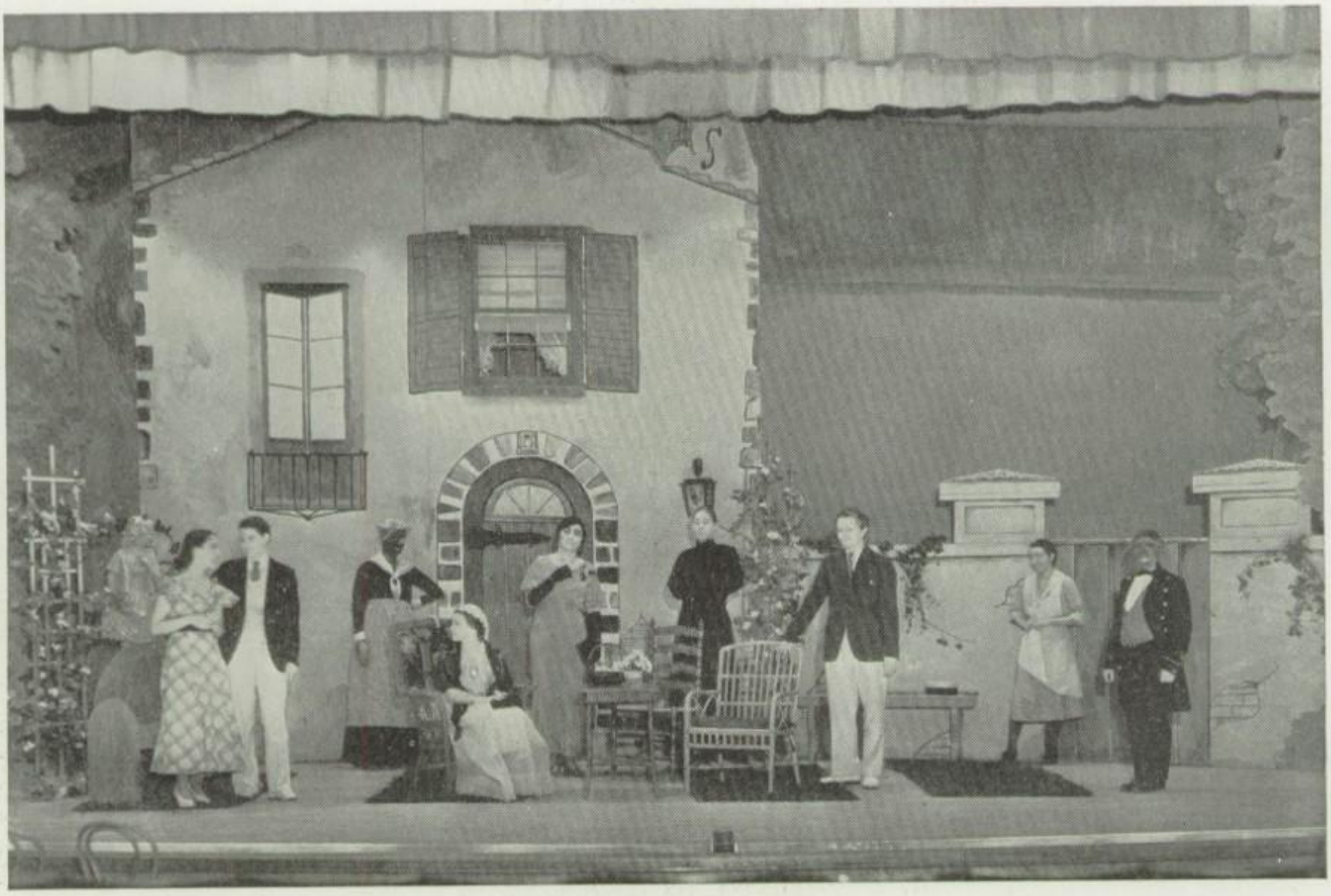
"MIS' NELLY OF N'ORLEANS"

On January 12, the girls of '34 witnessed their anticipated Senior Play, "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans," by Lawrence Eyre. '34 had been looking forward to this event ever since they were lowly freshmen.

Everyone was entranced by the lovely, complex Nelly Daventry, so skillfully and charmingly portrayed by Evelyn Lindes. Stern Georges Durand, who had broken their engagement years before, soon relented and once more succumbed to the charms of the enticing Miss Nelly. Even young Felix Durand, so ably portrayed by Nanette Muller (and what heart did not beat a little faster at the sight of the handsome Felix?) sought Miss Nelly for consolation at the lack of confidence which his sweetheart, Delphine Falaise (Ruth Mitchell), had in him. Will anyone ever forget the self-sacrificing and noble Père Clement, who was so expertly presented by Carolyn Lobdell? Or the strange feeling that came over him as Zephyrine (Esther Schurman) invoked the aid of her Voodoo gods? Alexandria Cardiges's excellent interpretation of the difficult rôle of Melanie Cardanne, who so skillfully aided Miss Nelly in her plotting, is indeed something long to be remembered, as are Laura Gurney's presentation of lovable, faithful Unc' Boz and Mildred Conrad's frivolous Angelique. The Mardi-Gras revellers brought us the spirit of old New Orleans and added color and gayety to the play.

"Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans" was truly a splendid play, capably produced, and one which the Class of '34 may well be proud to add to the long list of Eastern's dramatic achievements.

B. P.



SCENE FROM "MIS' NELLY OF N'ORLEANS

Left to right: Ruth Mitchell, Nanette Muller, Esther Schurmann, Evelyn Lindes, Alexandria Cardiges, Carolyn Lobdell, Barbara Pavlik, Mildred Conrad, Laura Gurney

1. Delphine: You can't come in.
Felix: But I am in and I must see you.

2. "It's Mardi Gras. It's the time for moonshine and madness and make-believe."

3. Clement: I should like to drink a toast to the loveliest lady in Louisiana. Who's goin' to drink that toast with me?

THE DREAM PEDDLER

Dream Peddler—VIRGINIA RICE

Clareen—BETTY LEE ROCHFORT

Dream Peddler: Dreams are like wings; if you fold them tight, they're no good to you; but if you unfold them, you can soar as high as you please.

Mother—DORIS CHANCE

Daughter—MARGARET KROUSE

Daughter: Think how nice it would be to have a pretty little dream to look at on cold wintry days when we can't get out of doors.

Below: Members of the cast of THE SINGING GUARD

ELIZABETH HOGAN
EVA BANKARD

RUTH MITCHELL FRANCIS OEHM
MAZIE RILEY

RUTH LOWRY
BETTY LEE ROCHFORT

Last Will and Testament of the Class of '34

We, the officers and crew of the S. S. '34, being so seasick that we no longer care for or desire earthly possessions, having already declared all documents issued previous to this as unseaworthy, do bequeath to all landlubbers the following, to wit:

Item: To Mrs. Parrish, we leave our deepest appreciation and gratitude for her guidance of the S. S. '34 during her cruise through Eastern
Item: To Miss Cairnes, we hereby bequeath a remedy for coughs, sneezes, and other feapiratory disturbances during assemblies
Item: To Miss Zouck, we leave a cat to which indoor pictures will do justice
Item: To Miss Moog, a class with reactions
Item: To Miss Hoskins, a class of loud speakers
Item: To Miss Norment, a private chute-the-chute to travel to and from her widely separated classes of physics and chemistry
Item: To Miss Deem, a third year class that will pronounce "idea" correctly
Item: To Miss E. Smith, a band of angels who will carry away the girls who "don't do anything" in her studies
Item: To Miss Donovan, a little red wagon in which the carry her numerous maps and books
Item: To Miss Buchholz, an automatic window-opener
Item: To Miss White, a box of soft chalk that never gets empty
Item: To Miss Mullikin, a copy of "Alice in the Algebra Class"
Item: To Mr. Gontrum, a fresh supply of deportment cards
Item: To Miss Neumann, a plot of ground abounding in woolly worms for biology classes
Item: To Miss Lentz, a chemistry class that knows what to do when a test tube bubbles over
Item: To Miss Dandy, a statue of Terpsichore to inspire her dancing class
Item: To Miss Ruth Smith, a larger cork board for her baby pictures
Item: To Miss Dorsey, the adviser of her sister ship, the S. S. '34 leaves her charts and maps
Item: To Miss Holmes, a private "Lost and Found" for her belongings
Item: To Miss Crowl, a baseball mitt with which to catch her chalk

To the school:

Item: To the study hall, we leave pillows and cushioned seats

To the school organizations, we bequeath:

Item: To the S. P. Q. R. the pelt of a Druid Hill Park lamb to make a new golden fleece
Item: To the Lanier Club, a forest of evergreens to be used only for Christmas trees
Item: To the German Club, as it is still an infant, we bequeath a long and prosperous life

To the remaining Easternites:

Item: To Anne Ragland, Captain Elizabeth Hogan leaves her splendid seamanship and navigating ability
Item: To Jean Thomas, Doris Wachter leaves her gentle, little voice
Item: To Hilda Vedra, Mary Flowers leaves her ability to shadow
Item: To Virginia Poole, Dorothy Roycroft bequeaths her argumentative ability
Item: To Betty Shanahan, Virginia Lloyd leaves her numerous misconduct marks
Item: To Dorothy Fox, Anne Wollman bequeaths her irresistible attraction to the opposite sex
Item: To Adele Mitzel, Doris Martin leaves her curly locks
Item: To Barbara Bauer, Ruth Snyder leaves her numerous adjectives
Item: To Ella Plawin, Ruth Lowry bequeaths her treasured vocal chords
Item: To Jennie Witten, Elizabeth Herrlich leaves her nimble tongue
Item: To Grace Schillinger, Rita Le Cuyer leaves her poise in speech making
Item: To Louise Quesnell, Marie Seippel leaves a sample or two of her many "E's"
Item: To Hester Empie, Anna Diegelman leaves her sunny disposition
Item: To Catherine Cummings, Eleanor Brown leaves her chewed-on pencil ends—the fruits of her "essai" thoughts
Item: To Christine Coleman, Carolyn Lobdell bequeaths her dignity
Item: To Audrey Krumm, Frances Taylor leaves her make-up box

We do declare Joe Penner, Mickey Mouse and Tarzan, the Ape Man, as sole executors of this will; and now, upon this document, on the 34th day of April, we affix our seal.

THE CLASS OF 1934

Designed by HESTER EMPIE, '34

Printed from Linoleum Block

"One ship blows east and another west
By the self-same winds that blow.
'Tis the set of the sail and not the gale
That points us the way to go.

"Like the wind of the sea are the ways of Fate
As we journey along through life.
'Tis the set of the soul that decides the goal
And not the calm or the strife."

S. S. '34

EASTERN HIGH SCHOOL LINE

Volume 16 OFFICERS AND FAMOUS PASSENGERS Final Voyage Edition

ELIZABETH HOGAN

Elizabeth, the commander of our ship during its cruise in the third and fourth years, has proved herself most efficient. Her work in other fields has been just as fine, for she served as council member and was on the second varsity basketball team and first varsity volley ball team for two years. Through her excellent guidance, the ship of '34 has come safely to port.

BETTY LEE ROCHFORT

Betty Lee, in addition to having executive ability in carrying out the duties of vice-president of S. S. '34, is also a fine actress. She had a leading role in both "The Singing Guard" and "The Dream Peddler." It was Betty, too, who represented our school in the N. R. A. and Maryland Oratorical Contests.

LORETTA RITZ

Friendly Loretta has a smile and a gay "hello" for each one of her many acquaintances. She never lacks time to linger and chat with one. No wonder Loretta Ritz was adjudged the best-natured in the Popularity Contest! She finds witty and clever jokes enjoyable even if she has heard them before. Loretta is full of fun and, at times, nicely mischievous. A genial person is our secretary! Loretta has been the secretary of the class of '34 for the third and fourth years, and a most competent secretary she is.

CHARLOTTE MARX

Charlotte Marx has been our class treasurer in her third and fourth years. As she finished her voyage in February, she no longer holds this position. She also played varsity hockey.

ANNE WOLMAN

Anne Wollman, '34's beauty contest winner, was the trustworthy purser of '34's finances for the second half of the fourth year. Anne has one of those cream-like complexions that go with natural, rosy cheeks. No freckles for Anne in the summer but a nice even coat of tan is the result of her outdoor activities. Anne is quite an all-around good sportsman, yet she makes a fine officer, too.

HELEN ARMSTRONG

Helen has done outstanding work in the Lanier Club, of which she has been a member two and a half years. In the third year she was vice-president of the club and this year she is president. Helen is also a member of the library squad. In her third year she was a bank teller and for four years she has been a faithful member of the S. P. Q. R.

GRACE BAUER

Grace is known for her efficient work as homeroom president of her class. She also has the distinction of being one of the first girls in '34 to marry, for she is now Mrs. Vernon Craig.

EVA BANKARD

Eva has been an outstanding pupil here at Eastern. This year she is vice-president of the Student Council. She is very versatile and likeable, though seemingly stern at times. Eva may be found at many basketball games, at dances, and at plays. She is fairly good in her studies and altogether a fine girl.

ELEANOR BROWN

Eleanor Brown was quite a personage in the role of motherly Mrs. Caldwell in "Fascinating Fanny Brown," a class play given in the second year. In the fourth year, Eleanor, as Review Editor of the Echo, gave us fine evaluations of current pictures and books. Did you know that it was Eleanor who played the Latin song at each S. P. Q. R. meeting? She is now working hard as chairman of the history committee for the Senior Echo.

BEATRICE BURGDORF

Beatrice has been a homeroom president for three years. For two years she has been a quaestor in the S. P. Q. R. and for two years a member of the Lanier Club. In the third year Beatrice was a member of the Prom Committee. She is now on the Echo advertising staff and the executive committee of the German Club. Also, she is a captain of one of the hospital squads. She had a small part in the class play.

ALEXANDRIA CARDIGES

Alexandria is a bank representative and the secretary of the newly organized German club, but she will always be remembered for her excellent portrayal of Melanie Cardanne in "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans."

MARGARET CARTER

Margaret Carter, a prominent member of the Echo staff for two years, is now a Literary Editor. She is also a homeroom treasurer.

DORIS CHANCE

Doris Chance, a faithful member of the S. P. Q. R. for four years, is now its treasurer. She is also secretary-treasurer of the Lanier Club, of which she has been a member two years. In her second year, Doris was president of her homeroom and took part in the class play, "The Dream Peddler." In the third year, Doris was a clerk and a bank representative. She has been a member of the Echo news staff and is now a member of the literary staff.

GENE COLBOURN

"Do you know where Gene Colbourn is?" "Of course,—in the Chemistry Lab." Gene is an ardent adherent of Lavoisier, Priestley and other great men of science. In the third year she was the treasurer of her homeroom class, and was homeroom president in the fourth year.

ELSIE COOK

Elsie has made herself well known for her excellent ability as a writer and everyone loves to read her poems. A member of the Echo staff for three years, she is now a Literary Editor. Elsie was a bank representative in the second year and served as homeroom president in the third year. She has been a member of the S. P. Q. R. for two years. Elsie is working hard on several committees for the Senior Echo.

RITA LE CUYER

Rita, the well-poised President of the Student Council, has been a council member for three years. Early in her stay at Eastern she was broken into the harness of holding office. She was secretary of the class of '34 and a homeroom bank clerk in the same year. Since her second year, Rita has been on the News Staff of the Echo and finally attained the position of News Editor. However, Rita found out that she needed all her time for the Student Council duties, so she graciously relinquished her position as News Editor, although she shows that the Echo still has a warm corner of her heart.

ELIZABETH DAMM

Elizabeth seems to have a knack of filling Latin positions for she was quaestor in the first year, praetor in the second, and scriba in the third year. Moreover, the S. P. Q. R. has called on Elizabeth's dramatic ability whenever it was in need of a man. She has also played various masculine roles in her class plays: Robin, the sailor, who came home to a lovelorn lassie, in the "Dream Peddler," and an emissary in "The Singing Guard."

Elizabeth has the honor of being the first superintendent of the newly organized Hospital Squad.

ANNA DIEGLEMAN

In the second year Anna was the athletic representative of her class and on the Art Staff of the ECHO. In her third year she designed the program of "The Singing Guard" and was the prompter. She was also an ECHO Sub-treasurer and on the Art Staff. In the fourth year, Anna designed the program and painted much of the scenery for "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans." She was also the prompter and the publicity manager. Being gifted with artistic ability, Anna became the Art Editor of the ECHO in her fourth year. She has taken part in the S. P. Q. R. plays and played the role of Jack in "The Fascinating Fanny Brown," a class entertainment.

GRACE DITMAN

Grace Ditman, another famous passenger, was our class treasurer in the second year. She was on the play committees which have been responsible for '34's delightful plays.

MARIAN DOBLER

Marian has achieved, in her fourth year, the honor of being secretary of the Student Council. For three years she was president of her oral English club, so Marian must be a good speaker as well as a writer of merit. In her second year she was a clerk for '34's election. For two years she has been a member of the French Club and at various times she has taken part in assemblies and school entertainments. Marian's scholastic standing has been worthy of note.

FRANCES FOX

"Dependable Frances!" What a fitting appellation! Frances always prepares her homework, is ever eager and willing to help a less fortunate student, and is always at hand when a teacher requires her services. Frances has much initiative and executive ability. She was a quaestor in the second year, a council member in third year, second consul of S. P. Q. R. and a Literary Editor of the ECHO in the fourth year. Besides being an office-holder, Frances was chosen as '34's best student in the popularity contest.

VIRGINIA GRIFFIN

Virginia has been a member of the S. P. Q. R. club during her stay at Eastern, and is now the first consul of this organization. She has been a member of the ECHO staff for two years and was a Student Council representative in her second year.

LAURA GURNEY

Laura is the comedian of the class of '34. She has played the comedy roles in '34's play each year.

ROSALIE HABERKORN

Rosalie has had varied experiences on her journey. She has been on varsity hockey teams and on the fourth year basketball team. Rosalie was our vice-president in the third year. She has been homeroom president, bank representative, and is now Sports Editor of the ECHO.

VIRGINIA HAGERTY

To all who know Virginia, her scholastic ability has been outstanding. She has also been active in school life. In the second year, Virginia was the student council representative of her homeroom. In her fourth year, she holds the office of homeroom president. For four years she has been a faithful member of the S. P. Q. R. and for two years a member of the ECHO staff. This year Virginia is Assistant Exchange Editor of the ECHO and chairman of one of the committees for the June issue.

DORIS HIRZEL

Doris Hirzel we will congratulate on her excellent management of the Eastern bank this year. If you remember, she was vice-president last year and president of the school bank this year.

SYLVIA HORNSTEIN

Sylvia, a mid-year graduate, was president of her homeroom class in the fourth year and was a fine worker for the scholarship fund.

MARIE KLEINHAM

Marie was homeroom president of DM2-3 in her fourth year.

VIRGINIA KUSZMAUL

Virginia is a very prominent passenger aboard S. S. '34. In addition to being varsity cheer leader for three years, she has been a council member and a homeroom president. In the third year, she was secretary of the Commercial Club.

JEAN LENNON

Jean has played varsity and class basketball all three years, varsity hockey in the second year, and she is now manager of the varsity basketball team. She was praetor in the S. P. Q. R., and formerly class quaestor (treasurer) for the Latin Club. Jean has been prominent in practically all of the S. P. Q. R. plays. She was also in "The Singing Guard."

EVA LIEB

Eva represents two phases in our school life—student council and athletics. She is now chairman of the Recreation Committee of the Student Council. Eva has played on the hockey, basketball, and volley ball teams since her entrance in the second year.

EVELYN LINDES

Evelyn is our actress! She is dramatic off stage as well as on. Nor does she confine herself to acting, alone. Oh, no! She was '34's president in the second year and vice-president in the third. She is very fond of making Room 201 her rendezvous. Do you know why? Well, ask her! Will we ever forget her as "Miss Nelly"? I think not!

RUTH LOWRY

Ruth is known by all because of her ability as a singer, which she showed in an operetta given in the second year and as the Singing Guard in the third year play. She was also the very efficient chairman of our February Prom Committee and is now serving as homeroom president.

RUTH MITCHELL

Ruth Mitchell, one of the finest actresses aboard S. S. '34, has had important roles in both third and fourth year plays. In "The Singing Guard," Ruth was Lady Editha, and this year she portrayed Delphine in "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans." She also took part in the history play. Ruth recently gave a current events talk in the assembly. She is known, too, because of her efficient work as homeroom president in her second and third years.

NANNETTE MULLER

Nannette is well known by all of '34 sailors because of her role as Felix in the senior play. How many hearts beat a little faster when Nanette walked across the stage! She has also been in several S. P. Q. R. plays and is a member of the ECHO staff.

DOROTHY ROYCROFT

Dorothy Roycroft is famous for her part in entertaining '34 and the rest of the school. Her second year found her a brusque sailor in "The Dream Peddler"; her third, the King in "The Singing Guard"; this year, the property manager, and producer of various necessary noises behind the stage in "Mis' Nelly of N'Orleans." Dot, arrayed as the Roman god, Mercury, has tripped lightly across Eastern's stage in several Latin plays, and has taken part in several class performances. Aside from dramatics, as chairman of the committee, she managed our Junior prom, and, as a member of the Senior prom committee, helped make the February prom a great success. She is also an active member of the ECHO staff.

RUTH SHAMBERGER

In looking over Ruth's list of achievements we see that in the second year she was on the varsity hockey, volley, and basketball teams. In the third year she was captain of both the varsity and class hockey and volley ball teams, and also of the class basketball team. Ruth, too, was the bugler in "The Singing Guard." In her fourth year she was the captain of the hockey team, and official score-keeper of the basketball games.

MARIE SEIPPEL

Besides being remembered as one of '34's best students, Marie Seippel will be remembered as the first president of the "Deutcher Kranz," the recently organized German Club. Marie has ability as a speaker, also. She has made a splendid "Master of Ceremonies" at various assemblies during the last year or two. In addition to all that, there is her ECHO work. She was justly rewarded for her cooperation on the staff, by her promotion to the position of News Editor early in the fall of this school year. She is to be congratulated on her very high standing in the class of 1934.

RUTH SNYDER

Ruth Snyder has been kept quite busy since she entered Eastern's spacious halls and joined the class of the red and white. In her first, second, and third years there were teams and Latin plays; in her fourth, debates, oratorical contests, and, yes, the presidency of the French Club. But '34's crew knows Ruth best for her excellent work as a member of the ECHO staff, and realizes that the success of the ECHO this year has been due largely to Ruth A. L. S., its Editor-in-Chief.

ISABELLE TEWES

Isabelle Tewes can be classified as one of those girls who never hook school, but is known for her excellent attendance record. We trust she has a long list of followers here in the E. H. S. who can be put under that classification. Isabelle was treasurer of the Commercial Club in the third year and president of the same club in the fourth year. She was also the assistant circulating manager of the ECHO, and has done very creditable work for the class of '34.

MILDRED TYBUREC

Mildred started her career at Eastern as a council member in the second year. In the third year she was chairman of the House Committee. She was the efficient treasurer of the Student Council in her fourth year.

Poplars

By CHARLOTTE SCHAEFER, '34

See the tall, majestic poplars
Stretch their arms up to the sky;
See them sway in languid rhythm,
As the perfumed winds pass by.

See them catch the golden sunlight,
And behold the April showers,
Which have strewn beneath the poplars,
Offerings of April flowers.

See them shelter lark and linnet,
From the blaze of summer sun;
And then raise their hands in prayer,
When the heat of day is done.

See them catch the first white snowflakes,
At the twilight of the day;
And beneath the north wind's fury,
See the poplars dip and sway.

See them dress again in emerald,
As the spring creeps o'er the land;
There against the balmy heavens,
Tall and proud the poplars stand.

Butterfly

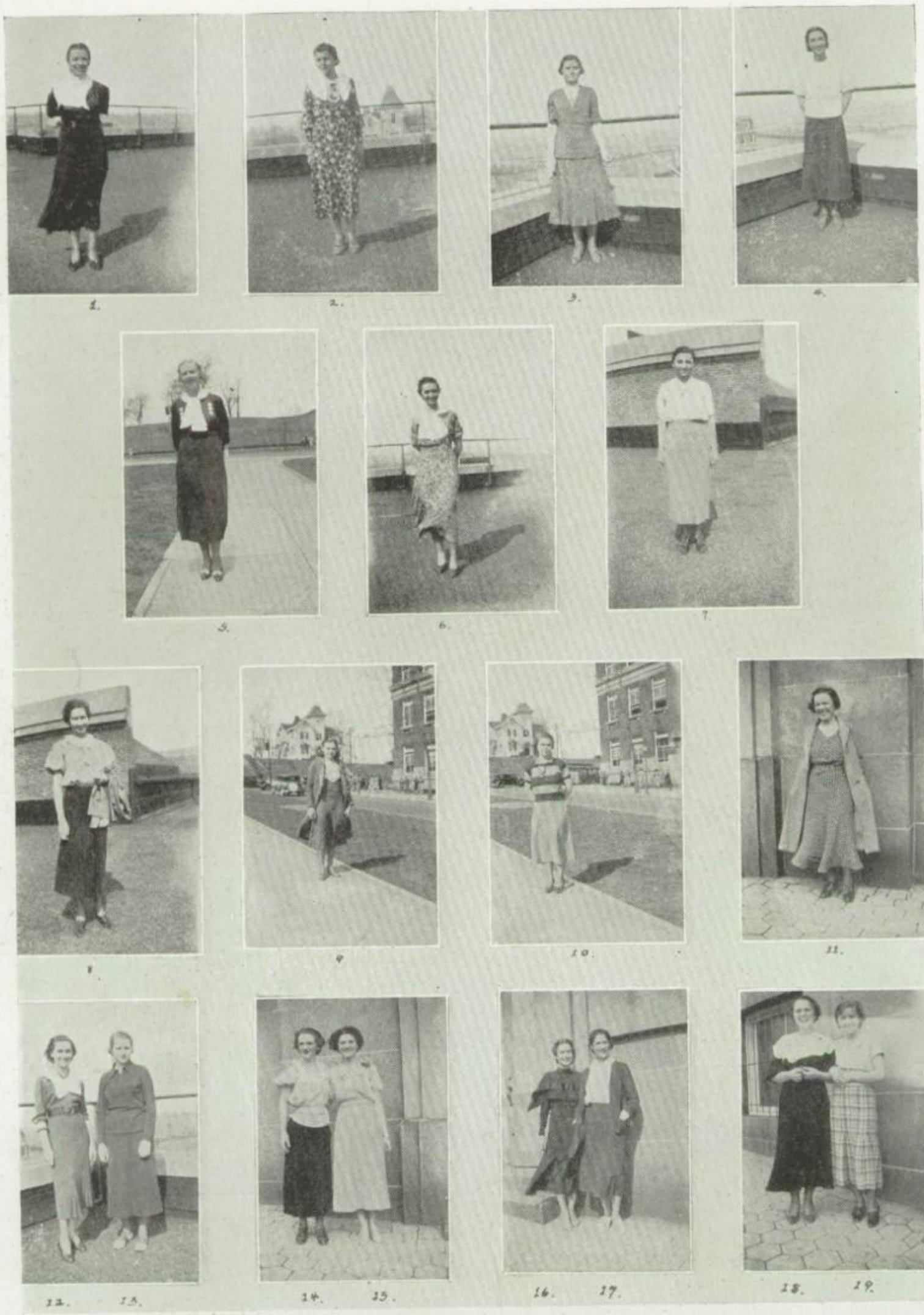
By ESTHER WIELITZ, '35

Butterfly upon my finger,
Tell me why you here should linger.
Multi-colored wings so new,
Flecked with diamond drops of dew,
Dainty feelers, body slender,
Graceful mien—so gentle, tender!
On my finger you descended
When your winter sleep was ended.
Why do you choose here to pose
When you could grace some fragrant rose?
Humble creature, I now see
How modest butterflies can be!

Invitation

By RUTH SNYDER, '34

A beckoning sea
Stretches out in vastness,
Inviting with each beguiling billow
A life to tread
Its uncertain course
To the distant golden haze.



1. *Best actress*: Evelyn Lindes 2. *Most reliable*: Rita Le Cuyer 3. *Best student*: Francis Fox 4. *Best natured*: Loretta Ritz 5. *Most suitably dressed*: Mary Krauss 6. *Best all-around and most popular*: Elizabeth Hogan 7. *Best athlete*: Ruth Shamberger 8. *Most dignified*: Carolyn Lobdell 9. *Quietest*: Marie Beran 10. *Most talkative*: Katherine Welsh 11. *Wittiest*: Frances Taylor 12 and 13. *Prettiest*: Edna Street and Anne Wollman 14 and 15. *Best artists*: Mary Napfel and Anne Diegelman 16 and 17. *Best writers*: Elsie Cook and Ruth Snyder 18 and 19. *Best musicians*: Ruth Lowry, vocal, and Eva Granofsky, instrumental

SHIP'S NURSERY

1. *Most mischievous*: Marian Dobler 2. *Cutest*: Katherine Parsley 3. *Most inquisitive*: Marie Seippel 4. *Most Prim*: Carol Shilling 5. *Best dressed*: Elsie Cook 6. *Most Plump*: Mary Sue Fielding 7. *Prettiest*: Virginia Lumpkin 8. *Happiest*: Doris Martin

Faculty

Principal—Miss Laura J. Cairnes

Vice-Principal—Miss A. Marguerite Zouck

ENGLISH

Head of Department
Miss Moog

Miss Betts
Miss Calder
Miss Deem
Miss Ford
Miss Grote
Miss Hartman
Miss Heaphy
Miss Jackson
Miss Keech
Mrs. Parrish
Miss R. Patterson
Miss Porter
Miss Ziegler

MATHEMATICS

Miss White
Head of Department

Miss Crowl
Miss Mullikin
Miss Thompson

LATIN

Miss Baldwin
Miss Holmes
Miss Hoskins
Miss Lawton

MODERN LANGUAGES

Miss Buchholz
Head of Department

Miss Diggs
Miss Dorsey
Miss Hildebrandt
Miss Hofmann
Miss Rothholz
Miss Tapman
Miss Zouck

HISTORY

Miss Donovan
Head of Department

Miss Blair
Miss Cairnes
Miss Miller
Mr. Roycroft
Miss Spence
Miss Stewart

ART

Miss Gallagher
Chairman

Miss L. Stephenson
Miss Slater

COMMERCIAL

Miss Wickes
Head of Department

Miss Anderson
Miss H. Armstrong
Miss Bishop
Miss Blount
Mrs. H. Brooks
Miss Coan
Miss Dawson
Miss Gayleard
Mr. Gontrum
Miss Haddaway
Mr. Hudson
Miss King
Miss Riedel
Miss Russell
Miss E. Smith
Miss R. Smith
Miss Travers

SCIENCE

Miss Norment
Head of Department

Mrs. Gibbons
Miss Lenderking
Miss Lentz
Miss Meid
Miss Neuman

Assistant
Miss Barthel

HOME ECONOMICS

Miss Johnson
Miss Rippard
Miss M. Stephenson
Miss Thornburg
Miss Wills

PHYSICAL EDUCATION

Miss Katsch
Miss Otto
Miss Powdermaker

MUSIC

Miss J. Armstrong

Vocational Guidance Counsellor:
Miss Dandy
Librarian: Miss E. Paterson
Dietitians Miss Stemple

Conspiracy

Or Outwitting the Family

By Iris Drewry, '34

One hot, sultry, July afternoon two figures clad in white stamped up the steps leading to Betts's household.

"It loks as though we're fighting a losing battle," Camille sighed as she sank disgustedly into a rocker.

"Yes, it does. If they'd only realize how much better we'd get along if they'd let us go to the same college, maybe they'd come to our terms," sniffed David, flinging himself in a porch chair, which whined under the strain of his weight.

"The way they put it," retorted Camille, "you'd think the thing we need is to be separated for four years." She fingered a golden ringlet on the nape of her neck and gazed unseeingly at the horizon. "I wonder," she began slowly, "if there isn't some way we can make them voluntarily come over to our side."

David propped both feet on the porch swing and groaned, "I've told mother and dad all about the chemistry experiments we want to carry on together, but they seem to think I could do just as well with a stranger as a partner. I guess your family thinks the same?"

Camille nodded, and not a sound was heard on the porch for a few minutes except the occasional slapping at flies that were quite annoying. Finally Dave grinned sheepishly. "Maybe they're afraid we'll get married if we see too much of each other," he suggested.

Camille flushed scarlet and hastily rose and led him to the steps. "Now, David, you go home and try to think up a plan. Maybe if we concentrate hard, we'll see through the mist. Hurry, because I think that's mother coming, and I don't want her to see you here this afternoon if you're coming tonight." She leaned on the railing and watched David disappear down the street.

That evening Camille was startled at the early hour of Davids' arrival. As soon as she saw his face, she realized that he must have hit upon a plan.

"I'll get my coat," she whispered as she opened the door; "we'll drive down by the Cove."

It was a beautiful, warm night, but Camille shivered as David started the car. He was so silent and so mysterious. She wondered what he could have in mind.

* * *

The next morning at the Betts's sunny breakfast table Camille announced that she had received word from an old friend who had gone to Wakens college (the college her parents wanted her to attend). Mr. and Mrs. Betts looked at one another and smiled. It wasn't usual for Camille to advertise her mail.

"What did he or she have to say, dear?" questioned Mrs. Betts politely.

"He's stopping off in town for a short visit, mother. I'll have to go to the station to meet him; I'll have to hurry," she said, springing up from the table and starting for the door.

"But who is he?" questioned Mrs. Betts, who wasn't at all sure Camille should meet at stations people her mother hadn't been introduced to.

"Oh—didn't I tell you? Jack Wane—you've read about him." With that she was up the steps. "I met him at Aunt Carol's," she called down.

"He's not going to stay here over night, is he?" screamed back Mrs. Betts.

"Oh, no," Camille answered significantly; "he'll stay at a hotel in town. But I'll bring him home for dinner."

Just around the corner in the Dalton house a similar scene was taking place. David had announced that a girl he had met in New York, and who was now attending Stevens University (the college of his parents' choice) was in town.

"I'll bring her home to dinner, mom. How 'bout it?" he asked his astonished mother as he pushed on his hat.

"Yes, Dave, do!" answered Mrs. Dalton, raising one eyebrow. "You know I've never met her."

Mrs. Betts and Mrs. Dalton, who usually found time during the course of the day to chat with each other, were not able to do so on this bright, sunny Wednesday. They were both busy preparing dinner for the strangers their children had promised to bring home. After they had finished they both glanced at the tables to see that everything was just so. At exactly the same hour they went upstairs in their respective homes to dress.

About seven o'clock that evening, Mrs. Dalton found herself facing, across the table, a surprising young woman. She certainly didn't look like the young women of Newville, and Mrs. Dalton wished that David wouldn't hang on to every word the painted creature uttered. The girl talked through the whole meal about the fun she had at college. Mrs. Dalton realized from the conversation that the young lady had gone to

college for two years and was still a freshman.

"What do you do during the summer," hopefully questioned Mrs. Dalton, aiming to change the subject from the parties given at a road house not so far from the college.

"Oh, I dance in a New York review," answered the maiden, who proceeded to tell of her name in lights on Broadway.

The cream pitcher from which Mrs. Dalton was helping herself, stopped in mid-air. This to her was the last straw. Like all home-town people who had never been to New York, she believed the contents of the worst dime novels. The rest of the dinner was a nightmare to her. She glanced despairingly at Mr. Dalton, who seemed to be enjoying himself immensely.

On the next street Mrs. Betts was staring, with eyes as big as saucers, at a young man with hair that shone like patent leather, and a waxed moustache. She wondered if all the students at Wakens college wore check suits and spats.

"How long have you been in college?" she inquired politely as she passed the beans to the young man.

"Oh, four years," he answered; "but I'm only a junior. You see, I don't have much time to study; I'm too busy taking orders."

"Oh, I see," answered the good lady, who liked to be able to excuse people's faults if possible; "you work, too. That's lovely. It takes an ambitious young man to work and go to school at the same time. What do you sell?" she inquired helpfully.

"Ahem—beer. Would you like to order some? It's the best you can buy."

Mrs. Betts dropped her fork with a bang. Beer—an intoxicating beverage! She was shocked to the tips of her tiny feet. She glanced at her husband and wondered how he could go on smiling. From then on, until Camille and the young salesman left for the movies, Mrs. Betts was silent. Then the storm broke—she wailed, and moaned, and preached.

"But lots of people don't consider beer intoxicating," put in Mr. Betts, "and lots of nice boys sell it."

"David Dalton would never do a thing like that," emphatically stated Mrs. Betts, "and if he knew Camille was going out with that fellow, he'd be terribly angry. I guess we had better send Camille to the college David is going to. David is such a nice boy, and he'll look after Camille. She's such a baby when it comes to choosing friends," Mrs. Dalton sighed; "I'd never rest easy if I thought she went to the same college that that beer salesman attended."

Mr. Dalton smiled behind his newspaper. He had just remembered where he had seen the young man before. And, if he wasn't mistaken, his name hadn't been Jack Wane.

Meanwhile David and his chorus girl had also departed for a show, and Mrs. Dalton was expressing her sentiments.

"Oh, John," she wailed, "what a girl! What could be worse than a chorus dancer! Dave is a fine lad but not at all able to take care of himself. I guess he'll get into all kinds of scrapes at college," here her voice broke, but she went on; "Camille is such a fine girl; she sort of looks out for David. I guess we better send him to college with her. She'll see that he doesn't get into trouble."

In the meantime Mr. Dalton was sucking his pipe and wondering if they hired bow-legged girls in Broadway shows.

The next morning a starry-eyed Camille met a grinning David at the foot of her walk.

"It's settled, Dave," she breathed. "Mother thinks we should go to the same college and look out for each other." Then quickly, "Daddy knows about our staging the act. He remembered seeing Jim at the gasoline station."

David winked. "Dad was too wise to be taken in, but he agrees with Mother that we should go to the same college. She, too, knows, by the way, and so does your Mother."

"Oh, no," gasped Camille.

"Yes," nodded David, "but they don't want us to know they know. It's funny, but oh, Camille, isn't it wonderful?"

—And the sun smiled up in the blue sky, and the roses nodded, as David and Camille walked arm in arm up the path to the house, their eyes shining with expectation.

Promise

By Dorothy W. Roycroft, '34

Dawn and the close of the midnight blue,
A glorious sunlit path of light,
Dawn and the silvery mists of dew,
The promise of new life—
Dawn and you.

Violets

By Mary Louise Miller,

Beneath the sod a potter skilled
Toiled all the winter thro'
So we, in Spring, might taste of heaven
In little cups of blue.

Designed by LUCILE PUTNAM, '35

Printed from Linoleum Block

A Whale of a Story

Not the Best of Days

By Georgia Luttrell, '33

Have you ever awakened to a day on which everything goes wrong both at home and in school? I have, hundreds of times. In fact, so seldom is it that I can ever do anything to please anybody, including myself, that I can count the number of my "good" days on my fingers with one hand tied behind me.

I am by nature a person of frivolity and utter irresponsibility. I cannot be counted on even to set an alarm clock so that it will ring. In fact, it is this bit of mechanism, the bane of my existence, that starts me off on a topsy-turvy day. Not that it rings—do not misunderstand me—for that never happens; that is the trouble. Invariably in the mornings I awake to find that the alarm went off at 12 p. m., or that I shut it off in my sleep, or that the clock stopped at 3 a. m. At once I begin to seethe inside with righteous indignation. What is wrong with that clock anyway? Why doesn't the family invest in a new one? Mother might have known the thing would not work after the baby had thrown it into a pan of water. By the way, why didn't she call me? I hear her walking about downstairs. After these brain teasers have passed through the region where my mind is supposed to be, I realize that I am wasting time.

With a leap, I am on the floor. Without even looking for my bedroom slippers, which I know from experience are in the bath tub, or under the refrigerator, or in the garage, or in some other equally outlandish place, I dash to the bath room to find the soap tray empty. Yelling down the stairs for soap, I am informed that the delivery boy forgot to bring it and that except for the microscopic piece that mother is handing me, we are soapless. I accept the molecule of soap in no good spirit, I fear, and a few seconds later I emerge from la salle de bain washed. Proceeding to dress, I find that one of my two pairs of stockings was left out in the rain the night before, and wearing them is consequently out of the question. After much fuming and fussing, I contrive to borrow a pair of my sister's, unknown to her, and when I have pressed the dress that I had no time to do the night before, I put it on and descend somewhat precipitously to the first floor. Complaining of the lateness of the hour, I am on the receiving end of a lecture from mother to the effect that "The early bird catches the worm." This serves to remind me that I must take a cork full of pins to biology class in order to pin my earthworm down. Ten minutes are spent looking for pins in unlikely places. I manage to find a few.

Finally I leave the house, and when I am almost at school I remember that the pins and cork are lying on the dining-room table, and, furthermore, that I have forgotten to eat my breakfast. In addition, the weather is damp and the curl is coming out of my hair—enough to make any lady disgusted. I arrive at school at two minutes of nine and discover that I cannot enter my homeroom because opening exercises have been started early. While the class is saying the prayer, I too, am praying—that the nine o'clock bell will not ring. However, my prayer does not reach heaven soon enough, and the bell rings. I am counted late for the second time, which means a misconduct mark. While I am trying to justify my lateness, the teacher remembers that I was not at a meeting that I should have attended the day before. She reveals all kinds of things to me about my character, most of which I have heard before from my sister and brother, and from my cousin when I am his partner in bridge. Since so many people agree on my reputation, I conclude that is is useless to argue, and I agree also. Instead of appeasing her, this infuriates her, and the ringing of the period bell is a life-saver to me.

The first period is biology. Inasmuch as the pins and cork are lacking, I am informed that if my term average is a G, I will get an F; if it is an F, I will get a P, etc. Duly impressed by this, I determine to be mindful of my assignments next time. To make matters worse, my old worm fails to reveal a brain and I waste much precious time looking for it before I decide that it is like many of us poor humans—brainless. The livelong day goes wrong. The history teacher collects summaries, most of which I intended to do that night; the English teacher assigns to me a subject for informal debate, on which I am utterly incompetent to argue; in Chemistry lab I break three test tubes and set fire to a container full of turpentine. At lunch time, just as I am preparing to relax mentally, I remember the math review homework that I meant to do in the morning when I got up early. I am unable to do any of the problems in the few minutes remaining, and consequently I go to class unprepared and in qualms. At the end of the day, I am a

(*Continued on Page* 100)

Petticoats and Pantaloons

Or A Tale of a Dixie Flag

By Margaret Carter, '34

THE brilliant Virginia sun streamed into the dusty attic of the old mansion, lighting on the bright tousled head of a little girl, and the silver one of her grandmother. A huge, heavy trunk lay open in front of them and Jane was diving into it, squealing with joy when she found something odd or old-fashioned.

"That belonged to your great-grandmother, Janey," said her grandmother, referring to a pretty yellow parasol. "I can see her now, tripping down the street, holding it in her hand ever so daintily.

"And this, Nanny?" queried the child, holding up a long baby gown.

"That was the dress your mother was christened in, honey."

"I can't imagine my mother dressed up in anything like that!"

Then Jane emerged from the trunk holding up a lovely, little, pink, flowered dress with lacy pantaloons and a little starched petticoat.

"What is this, Nanny?"

Nanny was quiet for a minute. She spread the little dress out on her knee and smoothed it out lovingly, smiling sadly at some memory.

"That is a long story, Janey."

"Oh, tell me, tell me, Nanny," begged the child.

"This dress belonged to your Great-aunt Lucy who lived here during the Civil War—"

* * *

"Laws, chile, yo' all sure did look grown-up last night when yo' paw entertained them great generals. Yo' weren't the same little mite that I rocked to sleep many a night. Yo' sat up there like a young lady and had that handsome man having fits 'case you wouldn't look at him."

"Mammy, you can mind your own business, if you please! Besides, we shouldn't be thinking about such things with daddy off leading his regiment against those Northerners. Oh, I wish that I were a boy so I could get out there and fight!" said the pretty girl of sixteen who was sitting before a mirror while Mammy, her old Negro nurse, arranged her hair.

"Don't yo' worry, Miss Lucy. Yo' time will come when yo' can do your little bit."

Mammy's statement was true. It was not more than a week later that Lucy had her chance. The fighting at that time was close to home; in fact, the captain was expected to come home that night for a few hours. Lucy and her mother were sitting in the parlor knitting, when a great commotion arose out on the lawn.

"Lucy, dear, run and see what the trouble is. Perhaps it's that brother of yours playing Indians with the slaves again. If it is, tell him to come in," said her mother.

Lucy ran out on the broad veranda laughingly; then she screamed, "Daddy!"

They were bringing her father home on a stretcher! Her mother came and held the door for the stretcher bearers to pass in.

"Lucy, send John for Doctor Holland! Take the captain upstairs, please," she managed to say somehow.

That night Lucy, her mother, and brother waited anxiously for Doctor Holland to come downstairs. He had sent them all out of the room. Finally he came down, slowly, and entered the room.

"The captain will recover, madam, if all goes well. There is a possibility of blood poisoning but, at the first signs, if you send for me, it can be warded off. However, Captain Harding is greatly worried over the loss of his flag. He seems to think that it is a personal disgrace to lose his flag, and keeps raving about it. If you can keep his mind off that, it will be better for all concerned," said the doctor gravely.

"It was his pride that his flag had never been taken in battle, and it is quite a blow to him," said Mrs. Harding, sadly.

"I'll get my daddy's flag back if I have to knock—"

"Junior, son, be quiet," said Mrs. Harding.

Lucy's eyes were hidden under her downcast lids, so no one saw the light spring into them and the color rush to her cheeks. That night she tossed on her canopied bed until she hit upon a plan. Then she slept peacefully.

The next afternoon Lucy slipped silently out of the house with a bundle under her arm. She

went into an empty slave shack and opened the package, taking out a dainty, pink dress with lacy pantaloons, and a little starched petticoat—just the dress a child of ten would delight in. She hastily dressed in these, then shook her thick brown hair into curls over her shoulders. She ran out of the shack and started for the woods. She knew that the northern camp (the regiment with which her father had fought) was situated about three miles from her home, but she took a short woody path which cut off one mile of those three. As she neared the camp, she heard a great deal of noise and banging of pans; they were getting ready for mess. Then she wandered out into the clearing, in full view of the soldiers, and started to cry bitterly.

"Hey, what the—" cried one of the soldiers as he saw the young child, crying as if her heart would break, coming toward the camp.

The soldiers came running and gathered around the girl. She was talking between her sobs.

"I'm losted and I'm so tired and sleepy."

"Come on, honey, and get something to eat over here by the fire."

The captain, a young man, came toward them and, on hearing about Lucy, said,

"Where do you live, little girl?"

"Over there," she replied, indicating the four corners of the earth.

"What's your name?"

"Mary Jones."

Lucy was given something to eat; then she began to nod. Finally her head dropped on the nearest shoulder, which, incidentally, was the captain's. He picked her up in his arms and laid her carefully on some blankets inside his tent,—then tiptoed away, pondering what on earth to do with the young southern child.

However, the "young southern child" was working fast and furiously. As luck would have it, the precious flag of her father's regiment lay on the army cot. She smothered it up and, dusk having now fallen, she slipped out of the tent unobserved.

She burst into the house without stopping to change her costume. Her mother was sitting with her head in her hands, while Junior was trying to console her.

"Oh, mother, look! The flag!" she cried. "Now daddy won't have to worry."

Mrs. Harding looked up.

"Lucy, darling, where have you been? Oh, the flag!" then she broke down.

"What is it? Oh, mother, tell me!"

"Darling, it is too late. Blood poison set in before we could get the doctor and father is dead."

"Oh, mother, mother," sobbed the girl as she went down on her knees beside the big armchair.

The flag slipped unnoticed to the floor until Junior saw it and quickly picked it up.

* * *

"That is Lucy's story, dear. She married the handsome young man that Mammy spoke of and lived to get over the shock of her father's death."

Jane's eyes were bright with unshed tears as they fell on the little pink dress that the girl of long ago had worn, and she touched it reverently.

Requiem

Or Seeing the Light

By Nanette Muller, '34

HIS head, which was covered with a battered hat, was bent in order to protect his face from the snow, and around his knees a ragged, worn overcoat flapped in the wind. Under his arm he carried a bundle and both gloveless hands were dug deep in his pockets. His step was slow and faltering. When he reached the corner, he looked up. His face was revealed by the light of the street lamp. It was pallid and gaunt, yet each feature was fine; the mouth and chin were firm. But more outstanding than these were the deep lines of pain on his brow and the shadow of despair in his deep gray eyes.

He continued on his way for several blocks and then mounted the steps of a dingy-looking, four story house. Entering the dimly lighted hall, he wearily began to climb the stairs. When he reached the fourth floor, he leaned for a moment upon the railing and stared fixedly at the door of his apartment,—if such it might be called. Through the door came the sound of a child's voice, chatting happily—the jolly voice of the landlady mingling with the sounds necessary to the preparation of a meal. Miriam, his little blind daughter, so happy in spite of her infirmity, was there awaiting his return. Every night she waited thus for him. A jolly meal would ensue, and then they would play games, or he would tell her stories or play for her on his violin until finally she fell asleep.

As he stood there, a rapid succession of thoughts passed though his mind. He passed over his early struggles to acquire the best training he could in sculpturing; when he had finally established himself at his work and was making good, he had married. His eyes were filled with tears as he thought of the first happy years of married life; and then had come the death of his wife, leaving their small daughter, Miriam, with him. His wife had been so deeply interested in his work, had so often given to him new hope when he was discouraged, had helped him in so many ways that at her death he found he could no longer go on in his chosen field. There was no spirit or feeling in his work. He tried to find work of another kind, but he had been quite unsuccessful in everything that he had tried until he finally secured a position in a pottery manufactory. The salary was small but he liked the work. He made some of the most beautiful pieces of pottery the factory had ever produced; and, because of this, he was entrusted with the secret formula of the firm, by which the clay was made more lasting. Then he thought of the thing which had made him halt thus before entering the apartment immediately, as he was accustomed to do.

That day during his lunch hour two men had approached him and, after several friendly overtures, had told him what they wanted. They promised to give him a large sum of money if he would give them the factory's secret formula for treating the clay. As only he and the head of the firm knew the formula, the bribe was enormous. He was so bewildered by such an offer that he could give no immediate answer. So he made arrangements to meet the men the next day at the same hour and the same place. He would tell them then if he would accept the offer. All through the rest of the day his mind was troubled with the thought. He needed the money badly,—otherwise he would not have considered the proposition. Just the day before, the doctor had told him that, through an operation, Miriam's eyesight could be restored; but the operation would be very costly. Now he had an opportunity of acquiring the needed sum, and the secret of the factory seemed very small in comparison to the restoration of Miriam's sight. If the factory did find out that it was he who had disclosed the secret, the men had promised to get him out of any difficulty. However, he could not dispel from his mind the horror of disgrace and dishonesty. Then, too, how could he explain to Miriam, whom he loved so dearly, how he had acquired the money? Her implicit faith that he would always do right would make it difficult.

He could not lie to her; if Miriam's sight were restored, he could never look into those trusting grey eyes, knowing that he had deceived her. If he told her the truth, he knew that her faith in him would be broken. Thus he had weighed the question in his mind all day, but still had come to no conclusion.

Finally arousing himself from his meditation, he entered the apartment. It was not a large place. The room first entered was living-room and dining-room combined, and it also served as his bedroom. Besides this room there was a small kitchen, bath room, and Miriam's tiny bedroom. It was all poorly furnished but it was home. A fat, cheerful-looking woman was bustling about, preparing supper. She greeted him

cheerfully and he returned the greeting, trying his best to conceal the struggle which was going on in his mind. Then—

"Daddy!"

A small child, her arms outstretched, came toward him. He ran forward and seized her in his arms and kissed her many times. His long graceful hands ran through her hair. As he held her close and she tried to tell him of a new game she had invented that day, his mind was so confused, and he was so excited by the turmoil reigning there, that he hardly knew what he was doing until he heard Miriam cry, "Daddy, don't hug me so tight! You're hurting me." Then he put her down in her place at the table.

The resemblance between the child and her father was remarkable. Her chin had the same firmness and the unseeing eyes were of the same deep grey.

All during the meal she chatted gaily; and, when the supper dishes had been cleared away, father and daughter played the new game. Then he played his violin for her until her little head drooped and she slept. Then, having put her to bed, he returned to the living room and sat down before the fireplace. In his mind was confusion and unrest. He could think of nothing but the offer of the two men. As he sat there staring into the fire, through the flames came a fleeting vision of his wife. She seemed to be smiling sadly and shaking her head. He knew then which course he would take. For, as Miriam's mother, living, had helped him, so was her spirit guiding him now. With that guidance, that love surrounding him, there was no alternative. His honor was part of him . He would keep it.

As he picked up the paper from the floor, where it had fallen, his eye fell on an article announcing a contest for sculptors. A prize of one thousand dollars was to be given to the winner. He read the details slowly; and then, suddenly seeming to see light, he crossed the room and entered the kitchen. There, in a cupboard, were his tools and modeling clay. Both needed only a little attention to restore them to good condition. Returning to the living room, he prepared for bed.

The next day when he reported to his employer what had happened the previous day and had given a description of the two men, it was found that they were implicated in other crimes; and, when they returned to receive their answer, they were met by federal agents and taken into custody. Miriam's father was heartily thanked by the firm, who readily granted his request for several weeks vacation as reward.

During these weeks he worked continuously at his modeling and was overjoyed to find Miriam deeply interested in the talent which she had never known he possessed. As he worked, he put his very soul in what he was doing, and when it was finished, the little figure seemed to live and breathe.

On the day of the exhibition Miriam and her father sat in the rear of the crowded hall, awaiting the announcement of the winner. At home the statue had seemed, to its creator, wholly beautiful, but there with the others it appeared rather small and insignifient. Deep in his heart, though, he felt that the judges could not fail to note the embodiment of a soul and a spirit of hope in the face of what he knew to be his masterpiece. It was a small figure of Miriam with her arms outstretched, her head thrown back, and her face aglow, as though the sightless eyes had found the light.

At last the judges were prepared to give the awards. "The first prize of one thousand dollars has been awarded to —ah—Mr. Harold Mason. Will the winner please come forward."

Miriam's father was so overcome by the realization that he had won the thousand dollars that would mean sight to his little girl, that he could not move from his place. Instead, he gathered Miriam in his arms and wept aloud.

To a Wild Duck

By Helen Riemer, '35

There's something splendid in your flight,
O traveler of majestic night!
White moon encircled by misty rings,
Embosses silver on satiny wings.

Your graceful body soaring high,
Outlined so clearly 'gainst the sky,
Floats swiftly through a misty sheen
Into a darkness—still—serene.

You're gone—and yet you've left to me
Longings for that which ne'er can be,
Dreaming that never could come true:
Such things are not for me—but you.

For often when the day is done
I sigh and wish that I were one
Who from all earthly sorrows might
Find freedom in some glorious flight.

Reunion in Washington

Or A Leader of Men

By Charlotte Lollman, '34

MR. ALLEN A. BABCOCK, Esquire!"

Even the butler's tone seemed to rise to the occasion of this pompous announcement, as if an exceptionally high honor had been bestowed upon him.

Into the already overflowing room of the Washington hotel came that very important individual, Allen A. Babcock, Esquire. His look of expectancy was gratified as he hesitated before he joined the rest of us. About his rotund personage (for old Babs had grown stouter since '23) was an air of conscious superiority and self-sufficiency.

"Hello!" "How are you?" Handshakes, slaps on the back, and other enthusiastic greetings followed. Babcock was completely surrounded by those who had been his own particular buddies. Yes, Allen had been well-liked; he had been the most popular fellow at P—— University. Why, he had been practically our whole year,—he had held so many offices! Indeed, this was a leader of men. It was he who had planned this meeting, 'way back in the days before graduation.

"This is fine! Grand! Most gratifying!" he exclaimed as he beamed beatifically. "What a success in what I thought would be quite a failure! You know, these prearranged meetings of old companions are supposed to be unlucky, sad, even disastrous. But let's see if we can't make this reunion a successful one."

When all the greetings and salutations had been completed and we were in more sober and quiet frames of mind, we formed groups around the room. Babcock and his admirers gathered about the fireplace. They were all, naturally, reminiscent of the days ten years ago. They spoke of games, professors, and campus activities.

"I say," said Babcock suddenly, "do you all remember Stumpy?"

"Old Stumpy?" chorused the rest. "Sure, we remember him. How could we forget the fellow? What about him?"

"Well," answered Babcock, "he came in to see me last week. That is, he wanted to 'renew our friendship.' I didn't see him, but my secretary told me that was what he said. Renew? Nonsense! More likely scrape up one! I could never tolerate the fellow! I don't even remember his name."

"And you didn't see him?" some one questioned.

"Certainly not! Do you know, he got quite friendly while talking to my secretary, and told him about a quilt or something he had that had my signature on it?"

"Oh, yes," someone put in. "While he was at the University, his mother, or sister, or somebody made him a quilt of about a thousand tiny pieces. He had about all of '23's autographs on it."

"Well," said Babs, "I didn't see him and I probably wouldn't have known him if I had seen him. Let's drop the subject."

"Say, Babs," burst out one of the group, "we've all been following you up in the newspapers. It must be great to be called the prominent business leader of the day."

Babcock grinned wryly at this statement which was undeniably true. He had always been a leader. About this time I noticed graying hair at Babcock's temples. That made me wonder. Why, he was about my age,—certainly no more!

"I've tried to steer my craft well," Babs said. "I don't know how well I've succeeded, but I've tried."

At this, one of the group approached Babcock, frowned and said in a low tone, "But say, what's this rumor about Babcock and Company merging with Smith? Is there anything in it?"

Lines settled on Babcock's handsome face. It was unnatural, foreign for never-a-care Babs!

"Fellows," he said, "as you were my classmates, I'll tell you in strictest confidence all about it!"

Same old Babs! Always confiding on some pretext or other!

"Here's the whole thing," resumed Babcock. "Ever since I went into business, I have lacked funds. How I've gotten this far, I don't know. I have no backing at all. The depression made it pretty bad; and the N. R. A., even worse. I'm paying out much more than is coming in. Such a concern as mine has to put on some show, such as charity work, employees' and employers' dinners, and dances. It's gradually ruining me! Now the Smith concern has had more luck. They are well on the top, as far as capital is concerned, because they've stayed in the background. They don't have such a big business as I have, but they do have money. Much as I have always preferred to stand on my own feet, I'd like now to merge with Smith; but so far I haven't been able to get a glimpse of him. He has only been in the city a few months, and

though I've tried to see him, I've always gotten some sort of excuse. Always busy, in conference, out of town, or something!"

We were all quiet as soon as this outburst was over. This was certainly a surprise. We had thought that Babcock had nothing to worry him, but this put a different light on the matter. While we stood staring at Babcock or into space, for want of some tactful words to say, the butler was heard announcing, "Mr. Karl C. Smith!" He seemed just as proud to make this announcement as he had been at Allen's arrival. Then across our dazed senses came the realization that this was the person that Babs had spoken about! Karl C. Smith!

He stepped into the room, paused, and regarded the men; he seemed to be looking for someone. As he came forward, we noticed that he limped. In his arms was a large bundle. Straight to Babcock he came, and held out his hand.

"I say, old fellow," he said, "I heard you came to see me last week. I'm sorry I wasn't there. I decided, since I belonged to '23 myself, to see you at this time." He beamed upon Allen.

Babcock shakily extended his hand. He was plainly disconcerted from this unexpected meeting. "Sit down! Sit down!" he ejaculated. "Let me take your parcel!" (Here Babcock tried to joke.) "What is this, your lunch?"

"Oh, no," replied Smith smilingly, "something much more precious. It's that quilt on which I collected '23's autographs!" and he hugged the package closer to him.

—Yes, Babcock was a great leader of men!

Appropriate Similes of Our Teachers

By Margaret Carter, '34

Goodness, now wouldn't you think our teachers would pour their pent-up, adverse opinions of us into more sympathetic ears than our own? But no! After we've struggled bravely over a hard lesson and have given what we consider a brilliant recitation, that stern monarch of our school days—the teacher—either gives us a withering look and says, "The next young lady will please take the same recitation," or she uses less self-control and proceeds to tell us precisely what she thinks of us—which is like having a glass of water at 0° C thrown in your face on a cold, wintry morning. All of our teachers must have studied the English language quite well for they can all, without exception, launch into a really stupendous flow of similes, metaphors, and personifications in describing us, their innocent pupils. Indeed, the figures of speech they hurl at us would delight their English professors of long ago could they know of the wonderful harvest that is being reaped from the seeds they sowed.

Of all the similes that I have ever heard a teacher use there is one that stands out in my mind—perhaps because it was directed toward me. The *thing* that started it all was, of course, that useless time waster, algebra,—which always was and always will be distasteful to me. After the teacher had finished a long explanation of the laws of exponents, she had just enough breath to gasp, "Are there any questions, girls?" I innocently raised my hand. She smiled encouragingly and I asked a question which sounded sensible to me; evidently it did not sound that way to her. It was as though I had put a match to a five-inch fire cracker. I sat down weakly and tried to shut my ears to the torrent of speech which flowed from my instructor's lips, but this awful sentence pierced my very brain, "Stupid people who have the mentality of my cook Jennie, who never got beyond the second grade, should not stay in my class." Then followed a proof of Jennie's stupidity, at the end of which I thought it was Jennie who put minus signs in a fraction while I blithely put hot dishes into the ice-box.

Another one of these figures of speech that I'll never forget was hurled at me while I was in junior high school. I had the nickname then of "Fatty," which I despised as much as I did the superfluous flesh that adorned my person. To make matters worse I had a very satirical civics teacher. Due, perhaps, to the fact that civics wasn't a favorite subject of mine, or, perhaps, because I sat next to a nice warm radiator and was usually too comfortable to move, I rarely volunteered or took part in the lesson. "Miss Civics" was continually wrecking my peace of mind by inquiring, "What does my bright little cherub over in the corner have to say about the question we're discussing?" Now I can't pass a Hendler's Ice Cream advertisement that I don't have a mental picture of a cherub sitting on a radiator instead of an ice cream cone.

Now I know I'm slow, but we can't all be swift and sure. What do you think my history teacher observed about my slowness? She said, "Young lady, you should go to a farm and take up chicken raising—although my sympathies certainly would be with the chickens."

However, with Jennies and cherubs and chicken raisers, what would we do without these "monarchs"? I must confess, though, that some of us would be secretly overjoyed if for just one day we could take the teacher's place and she could take ours. Did I hear someone say, "What would happen then?" I wonder!

Echodale

By Elsie Cook, '34

Deserted and decayed it stands,
A mem'ry of days past;
But on it still, like loving hands,
Some signs of splendor last.
Around it high has grown a hedge,
And ivy fingers twine
About each broken window ledge,
While through the shaggy pines
The wind wails low, as if in pain,
Or whispers to the quiet rain.

At evening when the darkness creeps
Into the blackened eaves,
And moonbeams penetrate the deep
Green foliage of the trees,
I seem to hear the rustling sound
Of ghosts of yester-year
As they return, in silken gown
To pass the midnight here,
And live again those days of yore
In happiness and peace:
To dance and sing as they did before
The life in their bodies ceased.
But as I watch them, questions rush
Into my mind, and I
Impulsive, break the quiet hush
And quick the figures fly!
And as I seek them silently
The house stares silently at me.

A Clover Field

By Eleanor Brown, '34

A clover field is sweet in Spring,
As sweet as bees on gliding wing,
That light upon each dewy stem
To sip rich nectar once again.

A clover field is cool in Spring,
As cool as brooks that laugh and sing
Their rippling way through rugged stones
Adorned with moss and crested cones.

A clover field is fresh in Spring,
As fresh as winds from seas that bring
A whiff of briny spray and foam—
Exotic hints of ports unknown.

A clover field is sweet in Spring,
As sweet as songs of birds that ring
O'er lacy boughs and foliage green,
Through woodlands calm in days serene.

June

By Thelma Stone, '34

Like a fragile dewdrop,
The fleeting month of June
Comes dreamily and glowing
But, oh, it leaves so soon!

The lazy opalescence
Of the languid, pale blue skies,
The whirring, buzzing, humdrum
Of the bees around their hives,
The splashing, gurgling ripple
Of a hidden mountain brook,
The cooling, lulling fragrance
Of a shady wooded nook—

Are just a few of nature's workers
Sent to teach and to entice;
Then they disappear by magic,
A fleeting paradise!

Vagabond Waves

By Marie Seippel, '34

Quiet waves—
Slipping softly upon the beach,
Withdrawing from the moistened sands,
To come again with gentle tread
Like the morning dew.

Dancing waves—
Playing upon sandy shores
Leaving a trail of glistening foam,
Then departing, to return once more
Frolicking anew.

Angry waves—
Crashing upon the rocky coast
Rushing toward an unknown goal,
Receding, only to beat again
With force renewed.

Dissertation on Bald Heads

By Jessie Andrews, '34

I have always liked people—their conversation, their taste in clothes and books, and their choice of friends; but I think there is nothing about them more fascinating than their heads.

We are inclined to take for granted that a woman's hair is either marcelled or finger-waved and sometimes even dyed. A man's hair is different. In the first place, he cares not whether it is straight or curly, blond, brunette, or red. He slicks it back with water or grease and goes merrily on his way. When he wears his hat continuously, one wonders what lies hidden beneath it. Disappointment often follows when he removes this hat and displays not a bald head at all, but a fine suit of hair.

Ah, but if his head is bald and shiny, that poor head seems to be his chief attraction! The sun broils down upon it unmercifully; flies skate across it; and it is often the target for children's questions. For they inquire what we who have grown older would like to ask. I would not dare to question a man as to what made his head so smooth and shiny, despite the fact that I might be curious to know. That question must be put by little Johnnie. He would probably ask, "Grandpa, why don't you put a little fertilizer on your head to make your hair grow?" For answer Johnnie would get a smile and a loving pat on the shoulder. And these signs of affability would lead to more questions.

These poor, unfortunate beings are often sensitive about their main attraction. They wear hats, perhaps, to keep their heads warm, or wigs to deceive themselves. Even Julius Caesar attempted to cover his head with his one lock of hair and a laurel wreath. This exit from difficulty often ends in disaster, for the wind is not a respector of hats or toupees.

Mr. Tiffingtuffer, my neighbor, has one of the handsomest bald heads of anybody I know. Just a few fringes are left around his temples, and they combine to make a lovely curl. His crown is perfectly smooth, has an excellent gloss, and sparkles like a diamond in the rays of the sun.

You have doubtless seen bald heads in all kinds of weather—rain, snow, sunshine, but I can vouch that you have never seen one in a flood. I have. It happened only last summer during one of the worst storms that the Eastern Shore has ever known. Up and up came the water. Within two hours water stood at a depth of four feet in our front yard. White caps rolled across the new state road, and everything imaginable came drifting along. "Just paying a friendly visit," some one remarked.

People all over the country were in distress. My neighbor seized a boat which was drifting past his house and rowed out to the post office to gain bits of news concerning the damage done. His trousers were rolled to his knees, and he was in his shirt sleeves. Suddenly a gust of wind caught his hat and swept it across the waves. As he drew nearer, we could see his fine bald head, which, by this time, resembled a mirror. His face was reddened from the exertion, and beads of perspiration stood boldly upright on his only beauty spot. He didn't seem to notice the group of curious spectators who gazed upon his shining pate. Perhaps he didn't know that his one redeeming characteristic was well-nigh ruined.

The next time you have an opportunity to gaze upon a bald head, restrain the impulse to touch or caress it. When a man loses his hair, there is seldom any other attraction left to him. One wonders why he does not appreciate this replacement of lost charms; however, remember that baldness is the one thing that polite society does not discuss. You may ask a man where he got his haircut, but take care never to question him as to where he got his head polished.

Birthday Pearls

A Tale of India

By Margaret Carter, '34

LITTLE JEAN stretched lazily and, kicking her covers off, blinked in the bright sunlight of her room. She lay there in bed, regarding the expression of Peter Rabbit, whose image adorned the walls of her room. Peter was a funny little fellow, sitting there with one of his long ears cocked up at a ridiculous angle and the other flopped over his back, watching her as though he wondered if she would try to make rabbit pie out of him as Farmer McGregor had tried to do. Suddenly she jumped up. Why, it was only five days before her birthday and she just had to see granddad to—well, as usual, to drop a hint about what she wanted! Nurse Jane came in, surprised at seeing her pampered darling out of bed so early and demanding to be dressed.

After breakfast Jean dragged the long-suffering Nurse Jane over to see granddad. Granddad was in his study; and Jean, tiptoeing across the room to where he was bending over a pile of papers, thrust her head up under his arm. He looked down, delighted at the sight of her.

"Well, young lady, how is it you are here so early in the morning?" he asked with a twinkle in his eye. "Is it just to see me?"

"Yes, sir," affirmed that young lady as she climbed up on his knee and looked at him out of the corner of her eyes.

Her grandfather laughed. "I guess we'll get down to business. There's a young lady whom I know—about your age—who is celebrating her birthday soon, and I thought maybe you could help me pick out something."

Jean answered very solemnly, for this was a performance that was observed every birthday, Christmas, Easter, and "between times."

"Now," continued her grandfather, "I have been looking at a dandy little horse—a spirited young thoroughbred that I think is a jim-dandy. What do you think that she would say to that?"

Jean hesitated, "Well, that sounds lovely, granddad; but I believe she would like a string of beads more. You see, I went into the jeweler's with mother the other day, and I saw the prettiest string of pink pearls that I think are lovely! The man said that they were just the size for a little girl, too."

Mr. Farole was a bit surprised. "Well, of course, I guess you know what she would like better than an old man like me; I'll think it over and—thank you very much," he added as the child slid off his lap and prepared to go.

Two days later Jean's mother told her that her grandfather wanted to see her that afternoon; Jean could hardly wait for the time to come. Finally, closely followed by Nurse Jane, she skipped gayly into her granddad's study. There was another man with him today,—the man from the jeweler's! There on the table lay a box with the pearls in it—gorgeous to behold—glowing in their pink, satiny lustre against the dark background of the box.

"This is my young granddaughter, Mr. Roy," stated her grandfather, "and here, Jeanie, are the pearls we were speaking of. Mr. Roy says that there is quite a curious tale connected with them. Would you like to hear it?"

Jean tore her eyes away from the gleaming gems for an instant. "Yes, sir," she answered.

"These pearls come from a long distance from here, Jeanie, from India,—and a white man dived for them!"

* * * *

The blazing sun of the East, rising, cast its pitiless rays along the long stretch of white beach where dark-skinned natives could be seen pushing off their shallow boats and preparing for a long, hard day of diving into the sea for pearls. Miles down the beach in a sheltered cove another shallow boat was being pushed from the shore, but those in it were white. One was a boy, perhaps thirteen, and the other was a man, evidently the boy's father. In the doorway of a tiny shack, half hidden in the foliage and tall grass, a little girl stood and waved good-bye to the pair; and, as they disappeared from sight around the bend of the cove, she went into the shack. There she worked hard most of the day, tidying up and fixing such herbs and foodstuffs as her brother had been able to bring back from the native village on his last trip. Finally she went out and sat down on the doorstep of the hut to await the coming of her brother and father. She dreamed as she sat there of a time when they would be able to leave this place and go north to a place that daddy called home—up north, he said, to the place where it was never too hot and where there were millions of white people—England! India had been the only home Anne had ever known, for her father had come from England many years ago, and had married an English girl whom

(*Continued on Page* 112)

That Fatal Disease

By Marie E. Seippel, '34

There are many diseases, fatal and otherwise. I have spent not a little time thinking about the matter and I have arrived at a definite decision. There is nothing quite so fatal as that thing which they call "spring fever." Mention the results of scarlet fever, typhoid fever, yellow fever, if you will, but none are more dire than those of spring fever.

Spring fever seems especially inclined to attack the dreamer and sentimentalist. There is no more ideal time in which to dream and spin fanciful pictures of the things we wish would come true (but somehow never do) than a balmy, spring day, when the whole world is smiling in the warm sunshine. But, somehow, that joyful, smiling attitude is rarely caught and held by members of our esteemed faculty—if they do catch it, they fail to appreciate it. Consequently, when we are riding smoothly through the blooming countryside in a dark blue Chrysler (not alone, of course), we are somewhat startled suddenly to be asked the syntax and significance of "audacis." Rather hesitantly, we ask in what line "audacis" appears, meanwhile trying hard to remember just what curse the "hapless Dido" is pronouncing on the "pious Aeneas" and what "audacis" has to do with it. Our feelings are very much hurt when we are curtly informed that, if we had been paying attention, we would have known where to find "audacis." Recalling a bit of psychology we heard a few weeks before, we are sorely tempted to retort that we were paying attention, but not to the lesson. However, we decide that we have gotten into enough trouble as it is. And it all goes back to "that fatal disease" which makes us so utterly lazy and dreamy. The other day I did something very indiscreet—I yawned, just as the eye of my watchful teacher lit on me. Suspiciously, I was asked whether I had been out late the night before. I denied this, but did not take the trouble to explain what caused my drowsiness. It is enough to say that it was spring; spring fever was working its dire results, and the lesson was extremely boring.

Even the most practical person is bound to be caught at some time or other, such strange effects does this disease have on the mind. The mind takes sudden hops and jumps and in less than two seconds is a thousand miles away. One minute it can be seriously hearkening to the history teacher's lecture on the annexation of Hawaii; the next, it can be leisurely enjoying the balmy, sunny climate of the Hawaiian Islands, lying dreamily on the seashore under the palm trees, listening to the drowsy playing of the ukeleles of the natives. Oh, the joys of—but a sudden, pained expression flits across our face, as we realize that the eyes of the entire class are upon us, waiting patiently (and somewhat amusedly, it must be admitted) for the answer to a question that the teacher has asked at least two minutes before.

And so it goes. Persistent and relentless, spring fever pursues us long-suffering students, working its fatal results. I just saw an article in the paper, "Sure Cure for Spring Fever." I looked at it hopefully, only to turn away in despair. A splendid remedy, to be sure—get on your bathing suit and hop into the surf out in California, protecting yourself from freckles with Italian Balm—but what good does that do me with California three thousand miles away, no money in my pocketbook and an English book report (very much unfinished) due tomorrow? And yet, if I emit cries of joy at seeing snowflakes come tumbling through the air, my very life is in jeopardy at the hands of my scornful friends. So, I leave the question to you—what can one do about "that fateful disease"?

Prelude

A Test of Courage

By Dorothy Roycroft, '34

IT was a white November night. The moon shone pale and clear in the heavens and shed her benignant light on the dazzling snow. Outlined against the sky, the largest oil refinery in Michigan stood casting black shadows upon the snow-covered ground. It provided a living for the thousands of hard-working souls who lived in the neighborhood. On this evening it had banked its great fires and sent its employees home to enjoy their Thanksgiving dinners; and the road, running through the grounds of the refinery and commonly used as a shortcut to the state highway which lay three or four miles to the north, was deserted.

As the moon continued to cast her light upon the road, a man could be seen trudging along on tired feet. He was no longer a young man; time had placed its marks upon him with no indefinite hand. His step was slow and weary; yet on this night there was a certain impatience in it. John Davis was on his way to secure a job in a factory in a nearby town. His family was on the point of starvation and their existence depended upon this position. It was imperative that he reach the factory by the early hours of the morning. Davis had just sufficient time to gain his destination with a possible twenty or thirty minutes to spare.

As he plodded along, suddenly a whiff of smoke met his nostrils. He started in surprise and looked around expectantly for another human. His eyes scanned the still night, but no one could be seen.

"Wonder where that is coming from? I don't see anyone, and yet smoke doesn't come from nowhere. There's something peculiar about that."

Davis shrugged his bent shoulders and started forward. Fifty feet onward he stopped short and inhaled deeply. Whirling around he cried aloud, "That's smoke for sure! There's a fire near here. Where? In the oil refinery? No, it couldn't be. That's been shut since yesterday. Still that's the only thing left. I'd better have a look."

Quickening his pace, he turned toward the oil refinery, which lay about three hundred yeards from the road. As he approached the deserted place, the whiffs of smoke became more frequent. Alarmed by this, he broke into a run and soon came close to the refinery. Circling the buildings, Davis came upon the source of the trouble. From one of the lower windows of the building where the storage tanks were kept, smoke was pouring with increasing density.

"Great Scott," he exclaimed, "this is going to be some fire! I'd bet a pretty penny—if I had one—that those tanks will soon be exploding! I'd better hurry and sound the alarm."

He started to retrace his steps when he remembered his job.

"I can't sound the alarm; I haven't time. This has taken almost a half hour already and I have to go on. I can't let my family starve just because somebody has dropped a match and set a place on fire."

Shaking himself to control his nerves, he reached the road and began to walk. Before he had gone fifty feet he stopped.

"The loss will be tremendous. Five million dollars, anyway! Wait—if that fire gets a decent start, it's likely to set fire to those woods over there. Why, why—if it does, that the whoe village will go. But I can't go back, I've got to go to Haverford. It's almost dawn; somebody will see the smoke and sound the alarm. No one will ever know I saw the fire. I'd better hurry; I'm late now."

Once more, Davis set forth. The smoke was rolling now in thick clouds and he could scarcely see his way.

"I can't go on. Suppose it isn't discovered for another hour. Why, they won't be able to check the explosion! If I don't sound the alarm, I'll have it on my mind for the rest of my life. Job or no job, I'm going back!"

With this decision, Davis swung around and began to run. Many times he was forced to pause for breath. Many times he was tempted to give up his mission. Each time he was given strength and soon found his way into the village.

The alarm having been sounded, the firemen were upon the scene immediately. With no thought for his job, Davis fought the blaze with others. He was twice overcome by smoke, but each time, upon recovery, he insisted upon returning to the battle. Noon came and passed, and by evening the flames were under control. Tired and broken, Davis began to wend his way homeward to his forgotten family. The significance of his state now struck him and he realized that his last chance was gone. There was nothing left. As he passed along the same road he had trod the night before, his step became even heavier. He was weary in soul now as well as in body.

He heard the purring of a motor and, looking

(Continued on Page 100)

Modern Popular Songs

Another Spectator Paper

By Barbara Bauer, '35

Having been assigned, due to the illness of my superior, to lend my efforts to the writing of these daily papers, I shall endeavor to make my observations as nearly equal as is possible to those of "Today's Spectator" himself. I have this evening dined at a favorite restaurant, where I have been greatly annoyed by the songs which are sung and played by the tremendous orchestras at such places. As I sat down with my companions, among them Joseph Temple, whom you have met in these papers before, a lilting and rather contagious melody further added to the charm of an immaculate, well-lighted room, with the silverware gleaming on the snowy tablecloths. We waited in pleasurable anticipation, and suddenly there came the low, throaty tones of a modern "crooner," ardently singing words which were singularly vapid and inane.

"Oooooh, honey, what you do to me,
Every time you coo to me—"

These remarkably expressive words he sang with poetic fervor, putting the whole of his artistic soul into the rendition. My soul, however, was strangely indifferent to that charming refrain; my poetic appreciation is perhaps inferior to that of those gentle souls whose dreamy countenances express beatific rapture as they listen to such haunting ballads as "Annie Doesn't Live Here Any More," with its impeccable grammar, its flawless rhythm, and its irreproachable moral sense. At any rate, when an elaborately attired and highly colored "torch singer," her hair of the comparatively new "platinum" hue, began to wail soulfully, pitifully asking her "baby" why he had "ditched" her, I retired hastily, my friends following me, and that dismal moan echoing in relentless pursuit:

"You'd turtle dove me
When you knew you didn't love me—"

As we sped away in our cab, a great vehicle swept past, pouring out a shrieking melody of the maddest syncopation. Newsboys on the streets stridently inquired of the world in general as to why they "shouldn't fall in love." From open doorways of extravagantly decorated shops, radios blared out information as to the stupidity of "Wooden Head Puddin' Head Jones." My head began to throb painfully, but Joseph Temple sat alert, as usual, with a gleam of humor is his eyes. "Indeed," he said whimsically, "these bits of stupid sentimentality are tremendously popular here. Their creators, I hear, are very much to be envied. All that it is necessary for them to do is to take a bit of exquisite melody from a famous old master, introduce a few variations, "pep it up" a bit, in the language of Young America, add a few senseless words, and one's fortune is immediately assured." These words were uttered in such a gentle, disarming fashion that I involuntarily smiled in return, but immediately resumed my habitual attitude of complete composure.

Upon his urgent entreaty, I accompanied the worthy gentleman to his home. He had, he said, presented his beloved daughter with a volume of the English poets, and, as she had unusual elocutionary ability, as well as a remarkably effective voice, we should probably find her reciting the immortal poetry. As we entered the tastefully furnished room, however, we found the sixteen-year-old girl seated in an armchair before the fireplace, raptly studying one of those sheets of paper of a glaring yellowish hue which is known as a "song sheet," and offers the priceless value of approximately one hundred popular songs for the mere sum of five cents. In her pretty voice the girl trilled,

"You can't play my ukelele,
And beat my time with somebody else."

I withdrew tactfully.

In my own rooms, later, I picked up a magazine which featured a large picture of one of the "crooners" idolized by the nation, and an article written by that talented gentleman. He mentioned that, incredible as it might seem, one of the leading modern songs had been written in one hour. I am inclined to agree with the gentleman that this fact is quite unbelievable. It is impossible for me to comprehend why the song in question should have required any more than ten minutes of careless improvisation.

The songs which flow in a never-ending deluge from what is quite appropriately, if not elegantly, termed "Tin Pan Alley" vary a great deal, although all resemble each other in a certain insipidity and in a notable lack of poetic expression. Leading them all in general appeal, perhaps, is the sentimental type of ditty. The American public has always shown a marked partiality for these sickeningly saccharine melodies, ever since the days when maudlin tears flowed copiously as sobbing sopranos warbled mournfully:

"You made me what I am today,
I hope you're satisfied.
You dragged me down, and down, and down
Till the soul within me died."

(*Continued on Page* 120)

Reality

By Elsie Cook, '34

After the clouds had lost their glow
From the sun's last lingering rays;
And shadows crept from the deep below
And reigned in the place of day;
I mused in the haunting twilight hush—
I fled from all earthly things—
My thoughts went soaring like the thrush
Away on ethereal wings!
I dreamed of a dawn eternal
With its softly murmuring breeze,
And the drowsy notes of the morning call
From the birds in the phantom trees.
I walked through an orchard laden
With blossoms of fragile rose,
In a land where there is no fading,
Where a cool wind always blows.
I roamed in a silent woodland
And talked with the creatures there;
I rested on the gleaming sand
And tales with the ocean shared.
Then—darkness blotted out the light—
I heard a mighty roar
Of torrents in their headlong flight—
Their flight from an alien shore.
And suddenly came the cutting hail
Mowing the waving grain;
And the heedless sweep of the rushing gale
As it drove the beating rain.
The petals dropped from the twisted boughs
And, crushed, fell to the ground—
Does time no lasting beauty allow?—
They lay in a lifeless mound!—
And like them lay my broken dreams
No more to wander free
My peace was shattered; and it seemed
My life meant naught to me!
But, quickly as it came, the storm
Subsided. As I raised
My eyes, the gates of Heav'n seemed torn,
The radiant skies, ablaze!
And, surging through me, once again
Hope filled my heart anew,
For just as quiet followed rain
So peace from tumult grew.

Discord

By Thelma Stone, '34

"Is it hot enough for you?"—oh, how I loathe that question! Red-faced, sticky, and extremely warm, I trudge to school, almost embedded under a mass of books, only to be greeted with, "Is it hot enough for you?" How can anyone ask such a question when there is enough water on my face and neck to swim in? Oh, the stupidity of some people!

Then, when the school bell has sounded its last cheerful gong, warmer than ever, I trudge home again only to be met by a sweet-faced old woman in a lavender dress who, with a benevolent smile, softly murmurs, "Is it hot enough for you?" I quiver under my burden of books and manage to smile, inwardly remembering that "Silence is golden," but oh, the price!

A few more blocks and my dear old front door greets my eyes. At last! relief from the heat! After dragging myself up the steps, I fling myself upon the porch glider, only to hear the next door neighbor greet her friend with, "Is it hot enough for you?" All my slowly regained spirit suddenly tumbles down with a loud crash as I dash into the house, my hands clasped over my ears to keep out that sickening interrogation. Surely mother would understand but—can I believe my ears?—there it is again! What misery! What injustice!

I suppose that for centuries and centuries man will continue to use that one ragged, worn, aged phrase until the dawn of a new era when, perhaps, the human race will seek refuge in some other disgusting expression. Until that time, as the sun beams down upon my sweltering back, I suppose I'll have to force myself to smile and say, "Is it hot enough for you?"

Meditations of a Next Year's Graduate

By Barbara Bauer, '35

I suppose they feel very much elated and excited and proud—these Seniors! And—oh, I fear I must admit it—they have something to feel elated about. They have come through that grueling, laborious, painful four years of high school, and have come through gloriously (with, of course, a few—a very, very few exceptions). They have been termed "the cream of Eastern" (although Eastern's active propensities would render it a rather remarkable milk-bottle); and, obviously, I am merely a portion of the skimmed milk—feeling, at present, a bit sour, thank you. Admired, envied, copied, the Seniors float about these revered halls in supreme and lofty state, glowingly conscious of the awed glances cast admiringly at them by those younger girls who regard anyone who has really reached the fourth year as a genius, a natural wonder.

Actually, I am quite unhappy. Have I not a more profitable occupation than that of envying these graduates who will soon pass out into the cruel world? Ah! Now I have it! Gloating, I produce a vivid mental picture of a supremely self-confident Ex-Senior facing the cold, sneering world (embodied in that dry-looking individual—the prospective employer—who faces that intellectual product).

"What experience?" brusquely snaps Prospective Employer. Ex-Senior hesitates, stammers, takes the plunge.

"Er-ah-oh-a great deal. After the experience I've had for four years trying to induce teachers into believing that I'd done my homework—"

"Hm-m!" A cold gleam from the P. E.'s suddenly fishlike eye halts her.

"Just from school, eh? Well, what do you know? What can you do?" E. S. smiles, infinitely relieved; she is now on safe grounds—no mudholes nor quagmires lie concealed.

"Oh"—glibly—"I know that things equal to the same thing equal each other; I can say 'How stupid you are!' in French; I know all of Caesar's campaigns, and the date of the French Revolution—1779; Henry VIII had six wives, two beheaded; a bean is a dicotyledon; Columbus discovered—"

"Yes?" E. S. stops, stricken. That glacial tone causes her a shiver of doubt for a moment.

"Kindly, my dear young lady, attend to business matters. Now, what are your knowledge and accomplishments in the commercial field?"

E. S. hesitates a bit. "Well, I didn't exactly take the business course. But I did take shorthand and typewriting in the last two years. Oh, yes, I became quite proficient in the latter. I can type forty words per minute (twenty-two if you subtract the errors—our teachers did that; they were *so* unreasonable at times). But as to shorthand, I didn't get that very well. I was too busy to bother with it, but it looks easy, just dots and circles and things. I could really make up my own shorthand—that would be *heaps* of fun, and *so* original—"

Ex-Senior wonders dazedly why she suddenly finds herself standing bewildered on the pavement,—and a resolute, determined face closing the door with relish. A vague remembrance of decided hands leading her gently—but oh, so firmly—from the building comes to her. Summoning to her aid what dignity remains uninjured, she shrugs away with lofty disdain the mortifying memory of whom, what, when, where, how, why, etc.; her final decision is that hard, practical business men, with all of their supposed "common sense," cannot appreciate education plus brain—especially if that brain is far-sighted and imaginative and sensitive, as hers is. And so continues the day—

There is but one fact remaining for your edification, gentle reader. My class, I am sure, is different. No iron fingers under velvet gloves will propel us from business offices. How could employers fail to appreciate and take advantage of such intelligence as ours?

(One crumb for Seniors: lest you become indignant or apprehensive—remember that this is from the pen of a next year's graduate.)

Arbutus

By Mary Louise Miller, '35

Only the fallen leaves you see?—
Only unmelted spots of snow?—
Only the newly budding tree?
—But you must farther go.

Brush back the leaves; what do
you find?
A fragrant cloud of pink and white,
A creeping, tender, fragile vine
Too shy to face the light.

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A Tribute

It has been the custom since the Echo has been in existence for the members of the English faculty to take turns serving in the position of literary adviser. For the past three years, Miss Miriam E. Deem has filled this position; and after this year she will retire from the task of advising this wayward staff.

For three years Miss Deem has toiled unceasingly for the Echo and, in the face of great odds, she has given willingly her time and her efforts to help maintain its high standard. Her great loyalty to our magazine has inspired in us a more loving and tender regard for it. Her patience and sympathetic understanding of our many failings has endeared her to our hearts. It has been Miss Deem who, when things looked blackest and inspiration just wouldn't come to us, has talked to us like a "Dutch Uncle" and made us buckle down to hard work. Again, when our eyes were swimming with periods and quotes during the long, tiresome hours of proof-reading, it was Miss Deem who kept up our lagging spirits with a gay incident from her European travels or, perhaps, a vivid description of the Alps. When the subscriptions were few and far between and interest failed, she spoke to us, earnestly and directly, and sent us out afire with something akin to that enthusiasm which she herself has always felt for the Echo.

With great love and respect we pay this tribute to Miss Deem, although we realize that this could scarcely express our gratitude for her fine work on our Echo; yet we should like her to know that we do appreciate what she has done and that her memory will remain with us as long as the memory of Eastern High School.

The Echo staff wishes to express its deepest appreciation of the excellent work done this year by the art department under the supervision of Miss Gallagher, adviser, and Anna Diegleman, art editor. We appreciate their willingness to cooperate in cutting down expenses and congratulate them on the success which they attained in the linoleum block art. Not only did the linoleum blocks prove economical but they were perfected to such an extent by the art staff that they were considered outstanding by critics, both in Baltimore and other parts of the country.

The business staff with Miss Ruth Smith as adviser, Dorothy Weiss, circulation manager, and Sophia Miller, advertising manager, also merits our gratitude and commendation. Procuring advertisements and circulating the magazine were no simply tasks during this year of financial stress. However, through the expert management of the business staff, the Echo has weathered the storm and has come through successful.

To Echo Staff of 1933-34

The Echo has always been a student-written magazine, and it is not lightly that I put aside my prejudice against the adviser's appearing in person in it. Yet I feel that in no other way can I adequately express my appreciation of the dependability and the absolute unselfishness of the staff this year. It has been a difficult year from many points of view, yet I have not once found the slightest sign of impatience on the part of the staff at the drudgery connected with the publication of a school magazine; never was there even an indication of unwillingness to "try again."

It is with a feeling of keen regret that I see many of my editors leave Eastern, and I want them to take along with them the knowledge that their loyalty to the Echo and to its adviser has been deeply felt and appreciated. No one could have asked for a finer staff.

Miriam E. Deem,
Literary Adviser.

BON VOYAGE

We are now about to embark on a mighty voyage,—one which will last as long as we live; one from which it is impossible to turn back once we have set out, though stormy weather is in view. Treacherous seas and shallow streams have to be met and conquered; and the course we choose in starting will greatly affect our destination later on. At the outset we must endeavor to steer our course straight. One lapse into carelessness may result in permanent disaster. Uncharted are the seas before us, nor has our course been marked out for us. No expert pilot steers our fragile bark. We, we alone, armed with the knowledge we have gained in these hallowed halls and with truth and integrity, must steer our course. No stars but our conscience will be our guides. Yet, treacherous though the waters are, others less gifted than we have safely reached the distant shore. Others sailing far less sturdy ships have not succumbed. Surely we, too, can reach port!

TIPPERARY

Do you remember that famous war song, "Tipperary"? As I write this, I seem to hear the tramping of feet and the martial music,

"It's a long way to Tipperary
It's a long way to go."

Somehow, school seems like that. A long, long journey! A continual tramping toward some goal! Many fall by the wayside. Others climb to the heights. But the vast majority tramp onward steadily and unfalteringly.

The long journey starts in the grades. Who has ever forgotten that first day at school when our very lives seemed to hang in the balance? Then the slow climb upward! The first test we flunked; the first teacher we adored; the first play we took part in—will not these be forever engraven upon our minds? Then, at last, high school! Most of our lives really start with high school. We seem to grow up in that brief space of time between the grades and the walls of higher learning. Of course, as freshmen, we are the scum of the earth, but when we climb to the heights of sophomores, our whole stature is changed. And so on we go through the tumult of class plays, tests, proms, benefits, and endless other entertainments and jobs. Seniors! How lofty the word sounds! How happy we are at first when we think our journey is coming to an end! But when that spring vacation is over and we realize that we have just a few weeks more, it doesn't seem so cheerful. We struggle through those too brief weeks and suddenly it is all over. We may think for a while that at last we shall be through and are glad; but most of us will go on realizing to the end of all time that, while "Tipperary" was our goal, our hearts were filled to overflowing with the joys along the way.

EXCELSIOR

"Excelsior!" poets have cried urgently. And "Excelsior!" should now be your lusty cry, Easternites. Not only in scholarship, but also in that which will lead eventually to more interested and active scholarship, that which is an aid to success as a scholar—participation in Eastern's glorious sports events. Indeed, what is so detrimental to a school girl as a sluggish, inactive body and a languid spirit, which naturally result in a dull, apathetic state of mind? So come on, torpid students! Don't permit Eastern's bright laurels to fade or tarnish, and don't let her venerable name be used disparagingly. Could you calmly hear Eastern spoken of as a "has-been" by triumphant girls from other schools? We can't send our French and English and history marks to them for comparison,—no, but we can show them that we are still quite a formidable group on the athletic fields.

Another group of seniors are leaving. Step into their places, you who will now form the leading group. Show the freshmen the true Eastern spirit. Amaze them by your prowess. They'll be drawn in, eventually, for there is an invigorating and stimulating appeal, an irresistible buoyancy, about athletic pursuits that inevitably attracts. You have it in your power to kindle a new ardor.

Come out for sports, you girls who waste time and money on cosmetics (which must now, I suppose, be regarded as an accepted usage of the schoolgirl). A buoyant and vigorous constitution and a healthy, clear skin will banish the need for artificial aids to nature.

These athletic interests are not only advantageous to Eastern, but will benefit you, too, Easternites. Eastern's claim should stir you first, but human nature is, unfortunately, expressed by "each person for himself." The prospects of new interests, new energy, and new honors will indubitably affect you. So come out for sports, and establish a new score for even Eastern's esteemed record. And how you'll enjoy doing it!

"PRELUDE"

(*Continued from Page* 93)

up, perceived a large car coming up the road, with blinding headlights.

"There he is!" shouted someone within the car. The car stopped abruptly and a well-dressed man stepped forth.

"Are you John Davis?" he asked.

"Yes, I am," Davis replied.

"I am Stephen King, president of the oil company. I would like to reward you for the excellent work you did in the fire this morning. Here is five hundred dollars, and if you will come to my office in the morning, we will see about getting you a job,—that is, if you are interested."

"But, but—," stammered Davis.

"No buts about it," King smiled, pressing the money into his hand. "You just appear tomorrow morning!" Turning, he entered the car and drove rapidly away.

Once more, Davis started down the fateful road. The moon shone pale and clear, but the man who walked along the path was no longer tired and heartsick. His step was light and his heart was carefree, and he hummed a little tune as he strode along.

"NOT THE BEST OF DAYS"

(*Continued from Page* 82)

nervous wreck, and I feel that if one more person assails me, I shall go mad. Luckily for all concerned, I am not accosted. However, I remember a paper that I should have handed in the week before to my English teacher, and I spend twenty minutes trying to explain the reasons for my procrastination.

After this encounter I, being physically and mentally spent, return home to find the doors locked, nobody home, and the key on the inside of the door. Climbing through the back window, I catch my sister's stocking on a splinter and realize remorsefully that I shall have but one pair of hose after I have made amends. After such exertions I decide to lie down for a while, and awaken to find the door being almost knocked down by my impatient family, which has returned. After a few more hours of strife, I go to bed, setting the alarm clock for 6 a. m. next morning, hoping desperately that it will ring, yet knowing, even while I hope, that it won't.

ONE MORE RIVER

Publishers: Charles Scribner's Sons

"One More River" is the last of John Galsworthy's novels, having been completed just six months prior to the author's death in January, 1933. According to Mrs. Galsworthy, not a word of this novel has been changed: it remains exactly as it came from her husband's pen.

The setting of "One More River" is that of the England of 1932. The story takes place both in London and in the surrounding English countryside. The plot, concerning the romances of two sisters, is written against this background of modern English society which the author knew and portrayed with such accuracy.

When the story opens, Clare Corven, who has been the wife of Gerald Corven, a sadist, for seventeen months, is aboard an oriental steamer which is docking in London. The young woman has run away from her husband in Ceylon, where the two lived during their married life. On the voyage to England, Clare meets Tony Croom, a penniless yet fascinating young Englishman. Tony falls hopelessly in love with Clare, but since the prospects of neither person are especially bright, Clare forbids Tony's making any display of his affection toward her. Soon Gerald Corven comes to England to try to force Clare to return to Ceylon with him. Clare, however, is firm in her resolution not to go with him. As a result of Gerald Corven's plan to have the actions of his wife and young Croom watched, a sensational divorce suit follows. Clare tries to defend herself, but she loses the case. The divorce decree, of course, is granted. Following this, the romance between Clare and Tony Croom almost comes to a standstill, but, finally, concludes happily for both.

Interwoven with the troubles of Clare are those of her older sister, Dinny Charwell. Dinny's lover, who had left her a year or so before to go on an Oriental expedition, is drowned, and the death of her sweetheart leaves Dinny so grief-stricken that she becomes terribly ill. After she has recovered somewhat, she learns to care for a lawyer who represents the highest type of manhood. When Dinny becomes the bride of this man, she has finally "come to shore safely on the far banks of her river" where she finds happiness and peace.

Dinny Charwell has been called "the most charming and most fully realized of all the Galsworthy heroines." This certainly seems true. She gave solace and comfort to the rich and poor alike. She was loved by everyone in "One More River." Dinny Charwell is the type of womanhood who is destined for wifehood and motherhood. But, for all these virtues, Dinny is human; she falls in love, and makes mistakes. Her actions and her charming presence dominate this delightful tale from beginning to end.

Clare, the younger yet more experienced sister of Dinny, is an entirely different type of personage. She is less passive and virtuous. Clare is an example of the type of modern womanhood that has a love for adventure and a flair for romance. Clare Corven is of the determined, resolute, yet, at the same time, lovable type of character.

The other important personages in "One More River" are quite varied and, certainly, very interesting. These characters are so very real that long before the novel is completed, they seem to be either personal friends or enemies.

"One More River" is distinguished by its brilliant and fascinating dialogue, its intense emotions, and dramatic situations. The book is brimming over with action from the moment it begins until the final word. Since these statements truthfully describe "One More River," this novel really should merit the attention of those who want to "keep up" on modern novels which are really worthwhile. It is more than just delightful recreation. It acquaints one with the modern politics and social customs of England. If, then, a novel can serve two purposes successfully, would it not be for one's own benefit and enjoyment to acquaint himself with "One More River"?

E. H. B.

THE BIRD OF DAWNING

Published by the Macmillan Co.

Is there any lover of stories of the sea who has not read at least one of John Masefield's novels? If there is, to you I heartily recommend this author's latest book, "The Bird of Dawning," in which Mr. Masefield entirely satisfies the cravings of his readers for excitement, vivacity, life!

The story centers around Cruiser, the second mate of a clipper ship, the "Blackgauntlet," which is competing in a race for the London prize. Not long after the book opens, the "Blackgauntlet" sinks, carrying with it the captain and many of the crew. Sixteen men, including Cruiser, escape in a life boat. The perils which they face—thirst, starvation, wreckage, death—and the resulting misfortunes and adventures go to make up one of the most enlivening and surprising of modern sea stories.

The author writes in a clear, smooth, conversational manner and provides, by his unusual and artistic descriptions, a vivid and interesting picture of life on the sea—its pleasures and excitements, dangers and forebodings. A review would not be complete without some mention of the nautical glossary which Mr. Masefield employs in this book. It is a novel device and it helps to acquaint one with the terms and conversation used in the daily life of the sailors. Not only to sea lovers do I recommend this book, but to anyone who enjoys reading a truly delightful and animated story of a glorious adventure.

E. R. R.

Eastern High School
Baltimore, Maryland
June 1, 1934

Dear Elizabeth,

I feel that I must tell you about the book I have just read, for I cannot remember ever having enjoyed any book more than this one. Perhaps you have read it; if not, try to do so, for I know you will be fascinated by it. I suppose by this time you are wondering about the title. It is "The Education of a Princess," written by Marie, Grand Duchess of Russia. The Grand Duchess is now forty-four years old and her life has certainly been a full one. She tells most vividly of her education as one of the royal family of Russia. She shows clearly how sadly neglected this education was and, consequently, how she suffered because of her ignorance of the wonderful possibilities of her position as Grand Duchess. I really can not find words expressive enough to give my true appreciation of this charming autobiography. Marie, besides giving an account of her life, tells much of interest about the conditions in Russia through which she lived. The story of the overthrow of the royal family aroused my sympathy, as well as my condemnation of the Emperor and Empress, who really brought their fate upon themselves.

Now I mustn't tell you any more of the story. I hope your interest has been thoroughly aroused and that you will find as much pleasure in reading the book as I did.

Sincerely yours,

MARIE E. SEIPPEL.

Eastern High School
Baltimore, Maryland
May 15, 1934

Dearest Marge,

I have just finished reading one of the most delightful books of travel ever written. It is Richard E. Byrd's "Little America." From the title you can readily guess that the traveling takes place at the South Pole.

The book is written in a most pleasing manner. The hardships that the men experienced seem entirely overshadowed by the thrilling adventure and the good times that they enjoyed in between the hard work. It was so vividly written that at times I was completely lost in the regions of the South Pole, and once, when I was rudely brought back to Baltimore by the ringing of the phone, I was actually freezing, so real were the descriptions. Byrd seems to have been a real father to the men under him. He was greatly concerned over the success of the expedition; and even he was impressed with the great vastness and beauty and the power of the large fields of ice and snow. This book made me want, for the first time in my life, to be a boy. Oh, just to be able to go down to those cold regions and explore, to know the thrill of being the first, or nearly the first, human being to set foot in those vast areas! And I should also like to have a little Penguin for a pet.

Marge, do try to read this most interesting of interesting books. You can see for yourself how it has completely charmed me.

Sincerely yours,

BETTY LYONS

STUDENT COUNCIL ASSEMBLY

Before the Student Council presented its guest, Ruth Snyder, Editor-in-chief of the EASTERN ECHO, delivered a very forceful speech with a plea for the support of our school magazine.

The customary Current Event talk was given by Anne Diegelman. Her topic concerned the coronation of Henry Pu Yi as Kang Tek, Emperor of Manchukuo; the appointment of Judge Florence Allen to Sixth Federal Circuit Court of Appeals; and President Roosevelt's address to code authorities on N. R. A.

The Glee Club members then sang a delightful number—"Gypsy Song," a Roumanian folk song.

Following this, Rita Le Cuyer, President of Student Council, announced our guests. They were Grace Akena of Forest Park, George Haeger of City College, Betsy Ann Gregg of Western, Henry Hyman of Southern, and William Simmons of Polytechnic Institute. Each, in turn, gave the principles of his Student Council organization and its function.

Again the Glee Club sang, this time a song entitled "The Dance of Spring," composed by Wilson.

The assembly concluded in the usual way, the guests remaining to visit classrooms, the cafeteria, and other interesting divisions of our school life.

E. S.

DR. ROBERTSON SPEAKS AT EASTERN

On Friday, March 2, 1934, the regular weekly assembly was opened in the usual way. Then Miss Cairnes announced Miss Joesting's dance recital and introduced Rita Le Cuyer, who gave the current events talk on the death of Albert of Belgium and the plans for Leopold III's taking over the reign of government in his father's place. Rita also took us to Washington, D. C., and discussed some of President Roosevelt's tariff policies.

Miss Cairnes then presented Dr. David A. Robertson of Goucher College, who gave a splendid talk on the passing of rugged individualism and the actual need of a person's understanding himself. Dr. Robertson gave us three phrases to avoid,—"Never mind," "By and by," and "That will do." The assembly was closed with "The Star-Spangled Banner" and the school song.

E. H. P.

MISS JOESTING PRESENTS DANCE RECITAL

On Tuesday, March 6, the girls of Eastern attended another delightful dance recital given by Miss Edith Joesting and her talented pupils. The beautiful costumes of the dancers gave added charm to the recital. The varied and much enjoyed program was as follows:

Group I

1. Jack-in-the-Box—by Dorothy Lundvall
2. Pizzicato Polka—by Edith Schaar
3. Dance of the Gypsies—by Rosa Kendall, Charlotte Perel
4. Jumping Jack—by Sarah Borghese

Group II

1. Forty-Second Street—by Ann Green, Shirley Silverberg
2. Doll Dance—by Vivian Cook
3. Tap on Toes—by Eloise Poska
4. Glow Worm—by Sarah Borghese

Group III

1. Russian Dance—by Betty Lou Bokel, Ann Jeffein, Selma Levin, Miriam Westphal
2. Spanish Fodo—by Sally Benesch, Vivian Cook, Marjory Lundvall, Edith Snyder, Marsue Trumpler
3. Valse—by Edith Joesting
4. Duet—by Sarah Borghese, Edith Schorr

Group IV

1. Fairy Dance—by Betty Lou Bokel, Selma Levin
2. At the Baby Parade—by Sally Benesch,

Vivian Cook, Marjory Lundvall, Edith Snyder, Marsue Trumpler

3. Spanish Group—The Bull Fight, Servillas, Gitanerias—by Edith Joesting

4. Tap Dance—by Shirley Silverberg

5. Indian Dance—by Sarah Borghese, Ann Green, Dorothy Lundvall, Vivian Simon.

At the close of the recital, exclamations of delight were heard throughout the audience, and the students are already looking forward with eager anticipation to Miss Joesting's next recital.

L. Q.

A MUSICAL ASSEMBLY

One of the most charming and entertaining assemblies of the year was held on Friday, March 16, when Eastern had as her guest Miss Ellen Alpigini, one of Eastern's alumnae. The first part of the program was given over to the presenting of bank certificates to those who had deposited in the school bank every week since the beginning of the school year. These were presented by Doris Hirzel, president of the bank.

The current events speaker for the week was Margaret Niley; the topic, "The Philippines and Independence."

The musical portion of the program was divided into two parts,—Ellen Alpigini's songs and selections on the piano by Eva Granofsky, '34's star pianist. Ellen presented a group of folk-songs, among which were "Strawberry Fair" and "Raggle Taggle Gypsies." There were several other groups of songs including "Ay, Ay, Ay," "Irish Love Song" by Lang, "Today" by Huerter, "Two Magicians" by Curran, and "Seguidilla."

Eva played four selections, "Hungary" by Koelling, "Etude Fantastique" by Friml, "Feux-Follets" by Philipp and "Valse Triste" by Jean Sibelius. These were greatly enjoyed as Eva's pieces always are.

The assembly was concluded with a few words from Miss Cairnes and the singing of the "Star Spangled Banner" and the school song.

A. E. F.

HISTORY DEPARTMENT PRESENTS "THE EYE OF A NEEDLE"

Maryland Day, a very important day in the hearts of true Marylanders, was celebrated at Eastern by a very interesting assembly, presented by the history department on March 23. After "Baltimore, Our Baltimore" and several Eastern songs were sung, Ruth Snyder, editor-in-chief of the ECHO, presented to the school the bronze quill which was given to the ECHO for ten years membership in the Columbia Scholastic Press Association. Following the presentation of the quill, one of Sydney Nyburg's stories, "The Eye of a Needle," taken from his collection, "The Buried Rose," was dramatized.

"The Eye of a Needle" is the story of a wealthy man who suspects that his fiancee is marrying him for his money alone. It tells of the test to which he submits her and of the tragedy and sorrow which come to him because of his doubt. The cast was as follows:

Reader	Grace Robinson
Betty Woodville	Anne Wollman
Jeffrey Laurens	Ruth Wallington
Mr. Woodville	Charlotte Cook
Richard Lane	Grace Scherff
Betsy Clifford	Ruth Mitchell
Ralph Clifford	Mary Flowers
John Kennedy	Esther Scherman
Arthur Maynard	Dorothy Roycroft
Charity	Mildred Conrad
Impersonator of Mr. Woodville,	Carol Schilling
Phyllis Harwood	Betty Lee Rochfort
Nancy Lee	Frances Nitzburg
Musicians	Emma Klinghofer, Eva Granofsky

We are indeed grateful to the history department for presenting such an interesting and thoroughly enjoyable program.

E. J. P.

S. P. Q. R. ASSEMBLY HELD

On March 27, 1934, the S. P. Q. R. presented a varied and delightful program. Short talks by Marie Seippel and Betty Lee Rochfort preceded the tableaux which were given. The statues were:

The Welcome to the Sun
The Discus and Javelin Throwers
Apollo and Daphne
The Revel
Orpheus and Eurydice
The Wrath of the Gods
The Fallen Amazon
Minerva and Aegis.

A burlesque of "Pyramus and Thisbe" put the audience in an especially hilarious mood. Pyramus, a love-sick lad whose parents prevented him from seeing his sweetheart, was cleverly portrayed by Virginia Hagerty. Gwendolyn Heeman was the sweet, lovable Thisbe, Pyramus's love. The sweethearts met at the wall (who was no other than Shirley Bawden) which separated their homes, and here they whispered through a tiny hole. They planned to meet at a certain tree, which was portrayed by Annette Frank, but

Thisbe, who arrived first, was frightened away by a lion (indeed, it was Mildred Hartman, though you would never recognize her). When Pyramus arrived, all he found was a blood-stained scarf; so, overcome by his grief, he killed himself. When Thisbe returned and found her lover dead, she drew the sword from his body and accepted his fate. The only witness to this tragic sight was the Moon, who was really Elsie Kaspar.

The entertainment was received with a great deal of applause, which it certainly merited.

L. S.

THE ART DEPARTMENT GIVES ASSEMBLY

Eastern girls spent an hour of delightful, cultural enjoyment on April 20, when the Art Assembly was presented. Beautiful slides were shown of famous paintings, sculpture, and types of architecture, while Miss Gallagher told interesting facts about each of them. Among the famous paintings were:

The Sistine Madonna—Raphael
The Madonna of the Goldfinch—Raphael
The Avenue of Trees—Hobbema
(Example of Dutch Landscape Painting)
The Descent from the Cross—Rubens
(Flemish Art)
The Boy with the Rabbit—Raeburn
(Eighteenth Century British Art)
The Dance in a Ring—Hans Thoma
The Spring Dance—Von Stuckert
(Modern German Art)

In contrast to these splendid examples of noble art, two paintings of very modern cubistic art were shown.

The Lady with the Mustard Jar—by Pablo Picasso

The Nude Descending the Stair—by Du-Champs

In conclusion, the art of Baltimore was shown—architecture and sculpture being stressed particularly. Baltimore is especially proud of its sculpture. Illustrations were given from the work of three Baltimoreans—Hans Schuler, Edward Berge, and J. Maxwell Miller.

It was with deep regret that those who attended saw the assembly come to a close. Everyone was deeply grateful to Miss Gallagher for this educational and instructive program.

M. E. S.

MISS WHITELOCK ENTERTAINS EASTERN

On Friday, April 27, Eastern enjoyed a beautiful violin recital given by Miss Katherine L. Whitelock, teacher of music at the Peabody Conservatory. The program was:

Paul Juan ..... Romance
Chopin ..... Mazurka
Tschetschillin ..... Berceuse
Aulin ..... Humoresque
Ries ..... Adagio
Hubay ..... Hejre Kati

In a short intermission, Miss Cairnes made several announcements about scholarships to the fourth year students. Then Miss Whitelock continued her program. The generous applause showed clearly how much her playing was appreciated and enjoyed. Eastern girls are eager to hear Miss Whitelock soon again.

M. E. S.

CANEY CREEK VISITS EASTERN

On Wednesday, April 25, during the seventh period, Eastern was given the pleasure of a glimpse into the hills of Kentucky, through the medium of a group of boys from the Caney Creek High School.

They presented an instructive and delightful sketch, in which was shown how the United States "governmint" has tried, unsuccessfully, to better the living conditions of the people in these hills of Kentucky. The story concerned a man with two sons, one of whom was blind. The other son was very determined that the "governmint" should have nothing to do with him. One day three officials, representing the government, came to Caney Creek to get some statistics which the old man—the father of the boys—attempted to give them. Through the efforts of a mountaineer who had been out in the world and who had returned, the old man was finally convinced that the agents meant no harm to him, but really wished to help him. He was about to rejoice over the medical official's gift of spectacles, which greatly aided the sight of his almost blind son, when the crude mountainer preacher told him that it's "goin' agin the will of God,"—that the boy must not use them.

One of the most striking speeches in the whole sketch was given by the minister who prayed that God would send guidance to the officials, to those who could not understand the heart of the mountaineer.

The applause showed the appreciation of the audience, and it is to be hoped that the girls profited from the assembly as much as they enjoyed it.

M. F.

A GLIMPSE INTO THE RUSSIAN THEATRE

The opportunity of the English Department to give an assembly came on May 3, and everyone looked forward to it with keen anticipation. Expectations were fulfilled in a pleasant and educa-

tional way. The speaker of the morning was introduced by Miss Ziegler, whose interesting account of his work aroused much enthusiasm. Then, Dr. Nathan Bryllion Fagin, associate professor of English at Johns Hopkins University, spoke on "The Russian Theater." The fact that Russia is attracting much attention in these troublesome times made everyone eager to hear of the social and, incidentally, the educational progress of the country. Dr. Fagin pointed out that the theater is being used by the government to educate the masses of people. He made each one feel at the end of his talk that she would endeavor to select really worth-while plays and movies to attend in the future. Also, if the opportunity to visit Russia ever comes, special visits will surely be made to the Russian theaters. All were sincerely grateful to Dr. Fagin for his enlightening talk and to the English Department for the enjoyable assembly.

M. E. S.

EASTERN WELCOMES GERMANY, SPAIN, AND FRANCE

On Friday, April 13, 1934, the modern language department presented a very interesting and delightful assembly. The German section was represented by the reading of the Nineteenth Psalm in German, by Beatrice Burgdorff, followed by one of Beethoven's beautiful hymns, "The Heavens Declare the Glory of God," which was sung by the entire German section. Next came a folk song, "Und Der Hans Schleicht Umher," which was acted in pantomime by Esther Wielitz, Frieda Johanns, Shirley Tucker, and Gwendolyn Heeman, all of whom took the part of Hans; and Margie Siebert, Vivian Viessman, Margaret Strossenger, and Alice Besan, as the sweetheart of Hans. This part of the assembly concluded with the song, "In Einem Kühlen Grunde," sung by the entire group.

Marie Seippel, after she had given us a clear and concise explanation of the German sections, turned the assembly over to the Spanish section and Jean Maechin, who announced that program. First there was a spirited Spanish dance by Sarah Borghese, followed by a short play, "No Mas Mastrodor."

Last, but not least, came the French contribution, a well-chosen selection of folk-songs. First there was a chorus by the Glee Club, "Au Clare de la Lune," acted in pantomime by Louise Quesnel as Pierrette and Miriam Shapiro as Pierrot. This was followed by a solo, "Il Pleut Bergere," sung by Norma Keyser, the shepherd, to Marian Dobler, the shepherdess. This was made more real to us by the dainty, quaint cos-

tumes of the French court. The Glee Club chorus sang "Il Etait Un Bergere." The action between Martha Jane Norris, the shepherdess, and Dorothea Geschwendt, the cat, amused and delighted the audience. Mary Capuano then sang a solo, "Alouette," followed by a chorus by the Glee Club, "Sur Le Pont d'Avignon," a rollicking dance number. The dancers were Pauline Shoemaker, Elizabeth Mossbauer, Sarah Karasik, with Lila Johnson, a monk, and Helen Pecik, a peasant, as spectators. The announcer, Cauladine Beltz, brought the assembly to a close by announcing the singing of the "Marseillaise" by the school. The varied costumes and numerous foreign flags helped to make this one of the most colorful and charming assemblies of the year.

E. H. P.

THE NUCLEUS OF A NEW CLUB

The Hospital Squad has something new to set before Eastern. It is founding a Hygiene Club. Plans are being made for carrying out this new idea by Mrs. Brooks and the charter members of the Hospital Squad. Doctor Davis, former teacher of the squad's first-aid course, is also assisting in the formation. Thus far it has been decided that the club will not meet in the form of a class as the Hospital Squad is accustomed to doing, but will meet as a club to discuss those subjects pertaining to hygiene that would be most interesting.

As supervisor of the Hospital Squad, Mrs. Brooks would like to take advantage of this opportunity to thank those who so willingly gave their assistance during the past year. They are Beatrice Burgdorf, Charlotte Cook, Elizabeth Damm, Dorothy Danforth, Rosalie Haberkorn, Mary Maciejowski, Bertha Runge, Eleanor Vomastek, Mildred Tyburec, and Naomi Zeller.

N. Z.

SOMETHING NEW!

On Friday, March 9, a group of girls interested in German met under the supervision of Miss Buchholz to organize a German Club. Since it was necessary to make this meeting a short one, the girls elected Marie Seippel of '34 as president and then adjourned the meeting, the organization of the club being continued at the second meeting, held on Monday, March 12. Alexandria Cardiges was elected secretary and "Deutscher Kranz" (German Circle) was the name selected for the club. There was much discussion over the regulations, some of which are as follows: The colors of the club are gold and black; the meetings are to be held on the second and third Mondays of each month; anyone who has completed two or three years of German or is now taking German is eligible for membership; also, the meetings are to be conducted in German in so far as possible. It was also decided that the president select an executive committee of three persons, one from each class. For the year 1933-1934 the executive committee includes Beatrice Burgdorf of '34, Esther Weilitz of '35, and Shirley Tucker of '36.

N. Z.

"DEUTSCHER KRANZ" PREPARES FOR A VISITOR

On April 16, the "Deutscher Kranz" held a meeting in the assembly hall, where its members prepared for a future guest speaker, Miss Conradi. After the reading of the minutes by the secretary, Alexandria Cardiges, the club practiced two new German songs, "Muss I' Denn" and "Ach, Wie Ist Möglich Dann." Since quite a few of the members have good voices, it was no difficult task for the club to catch the melody and words quickly. Then, from singing, the club turned to dancing, under the supervision of Frieda Johanns, who soon made the members feel that German folk dances were "just the thing."

The meeting was then adjourned, the members hoping that Miss Conradi would enjoy the songs and dances as much as they had enjoyed practicing them.

N. Z.

THE COMMERCIAL CLUB SPONSORS CONTEST

The Commercial Club this year sponsored a typing contest to which all club members were eligible. Prizes were awarded to each of the four years. The tests were given during the first two weeks in May.

The monthly meeting of the Commercial Club was held on Thursday, April 26, 1934. Miss Brundick, a representative of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, at that time showed a two-reel movie film of the Century of Progress Exposition and explained the pictures. It was a profitable and enjoyable afternoon to all who attended.

V. K.

THE BANK IS STILL AT WORK

Yes, indeed, the bank is working! Every Wednesday morning from 8:30 to 9:00, an opportunity is given to the girls who wish to deposit their pennies, nickels, and sometimes quarters. An extra session of the bank is now held on Tuesday afternoons for the late students. Many girls

are taking advantage of this fine institution and are cultivating the habit of systematic saving.

In the assembly held on March 16, Doris Hirzel, president of the school bank, presented certificates to twenty-two girls who had deposited in the bank every week from September, 1933, to February, 1934. The girls are to be congratulated for their thrift.

I. G.

S. P. Q. R. HOLDS LAST MEETING OF YEAR

On April 19, the last S. P. Q. R. meeting of the year was held and it was with a sigh of regret that the Seniors, at least, filled their places at this their last meeting. The meeting was opened with the election of the officers for next year, the results being as follows:

First Consul	Louise Evert, C1
Second Consul	Annette O'Malley, C1
Princeps Quaestorum	Helen Emig, C2
First Praetor	Virginia Smith, B2
Second Praetor	Ella May Marshall, Bm2
Scriba	Elaine Danforth, B5

Following the election a humorous debate was held on the topic: "Resolved: That Sight Translation in Latin Should Be Abolished." This was presented by a group of seniors; the arguments were splendidly delivered and the girls giving the rebuttals were exceptionally good. The judges, consisting of two of the Latin teachers and the officers of the club, rendered the decision in favor of the affirmative side, which won the victory over their opponents by one point only.

"Pyramus and Thisbe," which had been presented at an assembly by the Latin department, was then repeated by request for the benefit of the club; the audience roared again over the humorous portrayals of these two well-known characters—not to mention the Moon, the Tree, and the Wall (and don't forget that monster—that ferocious king of beast, the lion!).

The two consuls at this time delivered their farewell speeches. Perhaps for the first time the Seniors became aware of the fact that their four years of good times in the S. P. Q. R. were at an end. The realization brought a more serious mood to the senior members of the club.

Refreshments were then served in the cafeteria and dancing was held in the gym. Finally, the eager dancers were literally "shoved" home as the obliging pianist rubbed her cramped fingers and the hands of the clock rolled around towards suppertime. So the S. P. Q. R. ended another successful year of its career.

M. H. C.

FRENCH CLUB TRAVELS TO MEDIEVAL FRANCE

The French Club met in the music room on Friday, March 16. After the meeting had been called to order by the president, Ruth Snyder, the minutes of the previous meeting were read and the roll called by Virginia Griffin, secretary. Following this, Miss Zouck explained that at the Modern Language Assembly several French songs would be dramatized and she requested the girls to sing the songs. A delightful and humorous monologue entitled "Au Telephone" was given by Louise Brandeau. After the monologue, a short French comedy, "Dans Un Ascenseur" was presented by Alexandria Cartiges, Rena Lagna, and Louise Quesnel. Then the blinds were lowered, the room darkened, and a beautifully illustrated talk on "Les Chateaux de France" was given by Miss Zouck. The vivid pictures and interesting explanations of Miss Zouck made the girls feel as though they had been transported to France in the medieval time and were actually living in the castles. After the talk, the meeting was adjourned, with every member eagerly looking forward to the next meeting.

L. Q.

"THE TRAVELERS" PRESENTED AT THE SENIOR CLASS MEETING

On March 9, the Class of '34 held a meeting that was enjoyed by all. It was opened with the singing of the class song and was followed by the regular routine business. Several announcements were made in regard to class pictures and pictures of the play. Ruth Snyder, editor-in-chief of the Echo, then made a special appeal to the Seniors in behalf of the Echo. After this the business meeting was adjourned.

Then followed a most delightful play, "The Travelers," by Booth Tarkington, presented by D1. In this amusing piece of drama, an American family, visiting a lonesome village in the hills of Sicily, find it necessary to spend the night at a deserted hotel. Here, in this strange place, they find themselves in every state but a comfortable one: "momma" has to worry about the safety of her jewels; Jessie, the daughter, constantly hears very mysterious sounds; and "poppa" suffers from hunger because he cannot make the Italian servants (whose faces are a ghastly green) understand his English. Even more troubles are added when Jessie's sweetheart and his mother arrive upon the scene.

After seeing "The Travelers," one feels that D1 knows just the type of play that '34 enjoys.

N. Z.

"A WEDDING REHEARSAL" PRESENTED AT '34'S APRIL CLASS MEETING

On Thursday, April 14, the class of '34 held another of its interesting class meetings. This one was particularly interesting since many announcements were made concerning graduation activities. After the business meeting, D2 presented a comedy, "The Wedding Rehearsal," the cast of which was as follows:

Cousin Jane ..... Beatrice Burgdorf
Polly, the bride ..... Betty Hoff
Andy, the groom ..... Mignon Mackinson
Aunt Emma ..... Dorothy Croswell
Aunt Julia ..... Marie Buchanan
Billy, the little boy ..... Esther Gannon
Father-in-law ..... Grace Scherf
Mother-in-law ..... Alexandria Cardiges
Tom Lane, the best man ..... Ruth Wallington
Rev. Dobbs ..... Esther Schurman
Bridesmaids .....
Dorothy Danforth, Doris Burtnett, Betty Sehrt

The play was much enjoyed and everyone left regretting that there was but one more meeting before graduation.

B. P.

'36 ELECTS CLASS OFFICERS

Monday, March 5, proved to be an eventful day for the class of 1936, for on that memorable day their nominating convention was held. The meeting was called to order at 3:30 by Louise Quesnel, who presided as chairman of the convention. After a few suggestions as to the qualities the officers should possess, instructions were given to the delegates; then the chairman asked for nominations for the office of president. Nominations were made by the delegates, and Caroline Taylor, acting as secretary, recorded the name of each nominee as it was given. A similar procedure was used for nominations for the remaining offices. The votes of the delegates were then counted, and the results were as follows:

President:
Ann Stewart
Jane Dunn
Jane de Moss

Secretary:
Sarah Ingle
Marcia Wilcox
Eleanor Burgard

Vice-President:
Marian Griffith
Helen Spellman
Irene Busch

Treasurer:
Rose O'Connell
Henrietta Wolfe
Lillian Miglioretto

After the candiates were announced and introduced to the class, the meeting was adjourned.

The week following the convention was one of campaigning and debating as to the outcome of the election. Monday, March 12, was election day. After the ballots had been carefully counted the final results were announced as follows:

President:
Ann Stewart

Secretary:
Sarah Ingle

Vice-President:
Marian Griffith

Treasurer:
Rose O'Connell

That the results were favorable was evident from the murmurs of approval heard on the following day. Now the class of '36 is looking forward to a pleasant and eventful year.

L. Q.

'36 HOLDS ITS FIRST CLASS MEETING

The first meeting of 1936 was called to order at 3:35, on Tuesday, April 24, by the president, Ann Stewart. A short business meeting followed. '36 learned that its members will probably not receive their pins until next year, following the manner of '35. This will enable them to choose a better design. Each class will vote upon this.

Rose O'Connell then gave a financial report, thus concluding the business part of the meeting.

The entertainment program followed. Natalie Marshall opened this portion of the meeting with a piano solo, Friml's "Russian Romance," a very beautiful piece. Then Mary Capuano sang "O Sole Mio." As an encore she repeated this melody. Betty McCleary of B7 played "Nocturne" by Chopin and "Tarantelle" by Dennée. Sarah Borghese and Carolyn Jacobs supplied the dancing part of the program. They were both accompanied by June Roy of CM2. June also accompanied Mary Capuano. The featured part of the program was given by Naomi Glushakew, 5 years old. This little miss played a piece entitled "The Waltz," by Brainard, in a delightful fashion.

This part of the program being over, a surprise was given to the entire class. A black pussy named "'36" was brought to the stage and declared to be the class's mascot. The freaky little miss, and she is freaky because of the number of toes on her paws, meowed her welcome and adieu, and was received in a gleeful manner.

The meeting was adjourned at 4:25 and the girls left for home, having enjoyed their first meeting immensely.

I. J.

1936 JOURNEYS ONWARD

The class of 1936 held its first organized class meeting on March 27 for the purpose of installing its officers. The following girls were installed by the Student Council President, Rita Le Cuyer: Ann Stewart, president; Marian Griffith, vice-president; Sarah Ingle, secretary; and Rose O'Connell, treasurer. All of the officers having

been duly installed, Ann Stewart presented Miss Zouck, who urged the members of '36 to strive their utmost to make their class a truly successful one.

As the meeting adjourned with the school song and call, the class of '36 awaited its next meeting with much enthusiasm.

R. E. L.

A VERSATILE PRESIDENT

"I didn't know of my election until the next day; so, of course, I was really shocked and surprised," stated Ann Stewart, President of '36. When I asked Ann how she felt on learning of her position, she stated that her feeling was one of happiness at her election and appreciation of the trust the girls have placed in her.

Ann is a great lover of books, both fiction and non-fiction, and her friends often find her reading when they come to call. But the great outdoors calls to her also, and she admitted that tennis and diving are her favorite sports, although she is inexperienced in the latter. Ann's present hobby is collecting pins; novelty pins especially appeal to her.

Ann hopes that she will be able to be a really fine president. "I hope that the year will be an interesting and successful one and that the girls won't regret what they have done," Ann seriously concluded. She would like to know every girl in her year. She said that already she had visited several classes, and she intends to visit more. Ann's immediate plans are rather vague at present, but she wants the whole-hearted cooperation of every girl in everything that is done. You'll get it, Ann; all '36 is with you!

L. Q.

MARIAN HAS GREAT EXPECTATIONS

When Marian Griffith, '36's vice-president, was asked how she felt about her election, she exclaimed, "Honestly, when I heard that I had been elected I was so astonished—and even now it's hard to believe."

Marian's chief plans are to aid the class of '36 to the utmost of her ability, to take her superior's place whenever it is necessary to do so, to back the president all she can.

The gym claims Marian's before and after school time, for she loves sports immensely. She plays on the basketball and volley ball varsity teams. Then, too, she's on the first class team for hockey and basketball. Of these three games Marian declares she likes basketball the best. So girls of '36, if you want to find your vice-president you'll know where to look for her.

Marian says she feels that she will love any task set before her to aid the class of '36, and her expression when she made that statement brought back to me the first few words of her pledge, "I do hereby promise that I will fulfill all the obligations of the office for vice-president of the class of '36 of the Eastern High School." She says that she will try her hardest to live up to the promises she made in that pledge, to show the girls how deeply she appreciates the honor that she has received.

R. O.

THE SECRETARY OF 1936 PREFERS SPORTS

Sarah Ingle has been elected to an office that requires not only the cooperation of her classmates, but also hard work on her own part, that of secretary of the class of '36.

"Of course, I was excited when I heard I had been chosen for this office," replied Sarah when questioned about her reactions to the election. In her studies Sarah is a hard and earnest worker, possessing the characterstics necessary for an efficient secretary.

Sarah is a great lover of sports and particularly enjoys swimming. In many of her spare moments she can be found skating. For a long time she has been saving the photographs of her friends and school chums.

Clear sailing to the secretary of the Class of '36, Sarah!

I. G.

ROSE O'CONNELL IS ELECTED TREASURER OF '36

The newly-elected treasurer of '36 was visibly alarmed at the prospect of an interview, so for several days she was left unmolested. However, when she was questioned about her position, she seemed eager to talk about it. "Of course," Rose said, "I was happy, surprised, and pleased; but there was a deeper feeling within me that I can't describe."

Rose has a delightful hobby—writing short stories. "Only," she laughingly remarked, "I finish half of one story, get a new idea, and then must start a new one." She loves sports; but, while she sometimes participates in them, she prefers to be an interested onlooker. Walking holds a peculiar attraction for her, and every day, rain or shine, Rose throws off her cares of the day and walks for a long time.

This year is the "foundation year" for the class of '36, the period upon which '36's remaining years at Eastern will be built. Rose thinks that the girls are really cooperating and urges them to keep it up. "I hope," she said seriously, "that this year will be one long remembered by the girls of '36 as the most successful one during

their stay at Eastern. I feel that this can be made possible only by the cooperation of the girls with their adviser and officers."

L. Q.

SOPHOMORES BEGIN THEIR DRAMATIC CAREER

On Friday, May 18, the newly-formed Class of '36 presented their Sophomore play. The play was entitled "The Wonder Hat" and was written by Ben Hecht and Kenneth Goodman. The cast was as follows:

Columbine ..... Alice Becan
Margot ..... Betty McMillin
Harlequin ..... Elton Scharnagel
Pierrot ..... Ruth Hagedorn
Punchinello ..... Ida Wolfe

As the play began, Harlequin and Pierrot were walking in the forest discussing life in general. Harlequin was desperately in love with Columbine, who did not know of his love. Pierrot was loved and courted by all the ladies and was extremely tired of the attention bestowed upon him. Now Columbine had bought from Punchinello, a wandering peddler, a magic slipper, which caused everyone to fall madly in love with her. Likewise Harlequin secured a hat which made him invisible. In this way, he spied upon Columbine to try to see if she really cared for him. After many trials and tribulations, the play drew to a natural, happy close.

The play was well chosen, most of us being very fond of our old friends Pierrot, Harlequin, and Columbine; and '36 is to be highly congratulated on the success of its first public appearance in the Eastern's world of dramatics.

L. Q.

1935 TURNS TO DRAMATICS

"With cross-stitch flowers all in bloom
And weeping willow by a tomb;
With cross-stitch birds in cross-stitch boughs
Before a square set cross-stitch house."

And thus, as a very charming little girl, in the person of Jean Hunt, dressed in a costume of days gone by, recited the above lines, "The Cross-Stitch Heart" was begun on the evening of Friday, April 6. Since this play had been presented to an enthusiastic audience that morning, the evening audience was very gratifying both in numbers and appreciation.

"The Cross-Stitch Heart" is a fascinating play in that it deals with the unreal. As the curtain rose, a very prim and precise scene was shown. A weeping willow, gracefully falling over a marble tomb, and four potted hollyhocks beside a stiff and carefully planned house made one think of the "house that Jack built." Near the house was an "inclined-to-be-sociable" pup. Not far from the pup was a peach tree laden with pink blossoms.

The story centered about a young girl named Rosetta—a part that was portrayed most admirably by Virginia Poole. Innocent, impulsive, and very quick to learn of "worldly things," Rosetta soon won the hearts of her audience. The part of her mother, known as the sampler mother, was played by Edna Myers, who was constantly quoting maxims, such as

"The pink will fade and the rose will wither,
But a virtuous mind goes on forever,"

in hopes that she would rear her daughter to be as coldly proper as she was.

Assisting in this rearing, as a prospective bridegroom, was a gentleman named Adam. This was a difficult role to assume, but Ella Plawin took the part most creditably. Melancholy and lackadaisical, Adam was a would-be consoler of souls by such songs as

"Every living thing must die,
Even you and even I."

One day there entered a stimulus for Rosetta, in the person of Man-of-the-World. Margaret League made a fine worldly man, as well as a fine instructor in "hearts, love, and other human weaknesses" for Rosetta.

The plot is simplicity itself. Man-of-the-World returns to the Sampler to get a book which he has left. While he is there, he is captivated by Rosetta. Her mother, finding Rosetta being kissed by an unknown man, is angry, and sends Man-of-the-World away. Meanwhile, Rosetta has made herself a very lovely heart—"rounded and pointed and very, very red." Rosetta tries in vain to become reconciled to marriage with Adam, but when Man-of-the-World returns, they leave the Sampler together.

'35 presented a second play, very different from the first, entitled "Bargains in Cathay." It was written by the same author as "The Cross-Stitch Heart," Rachel Field.

The scenery in "Bargains in Cathay" was correct to the most minute detail. Hundreds of books—tens of magazines—Shakespeare's bust—an attractive and most appropriate secretary—the cheerful jonquils—all furnished a charming book department for Thomson, Williams, and Company.

The cast was as follows:

Miss Emily Gray, an amiable young lady ..... Dorothy Koehler

(*Continued on Page* 116)

BIRTHDAY PEARLS

(*Continued from Page* 91)

stroyed, and the children's mother had been lost in the frantic flight that had followed. Although Anne's father had gone back again and again, he had never found any trace of his wife. So they had made their home out of this old, abandoned shack; and for a year and a half now they had been living—barely living—on what they could obtain from trade with the Indians. Now Anne's father had heard that the pink pearls which could be gotten from the oysters in this region were worth a great deal, and he was working madly to get together enough to sell to a company so that, with his children, he could leave India forever. For six months he had been diving—a white man inexperienced in the art of diving for pearls. He had quite a collection of the highly treasured pink pearls. It wouldn't be long now—England was so near!

Anne came to herself as a shout from the beach announced the arrival of the "men." When they reached the hut, their dinner—such as it was—was waiting for them and, dead tired, they ate in silence.

"Anne, we have a number today. We split the oysters open and left them down on the beach; we won't be able to tell tonight, but I think that after just one more day of diving I'll take the pearls that I have up to the village. There is a white man there who, I hear, is interested in pearls," her father said.

Anne's eyes sparkled.

"Oh, daddy, I'm glad; it has been so hard for you! Diving in these dangerous waters like a native!" she cried.

"Don't worry, old girl. It will be over in twenty-four more hours."

The next afternoon Anne waited impatiently for the return of her brother and father. Becoming uneasy, she walked to the turn of the cove where the beach stretched on either side for miles She wandered along, tossing the pebbles into the calm sea. Suddenly she realized that the sun was sinking slowly but surely in the west. Far up the beach she could make out the minute figures of the natives as they brought in their boats. Panic-stricken, she scanned the surface of the sea for a small, shallow boat containing two figures. Off to the right a small, dark blot could be seen on the water; but it was coming no nearer. It was empty—perhaps it wasn't even a boat!

All that night a lonely figure patrolled the shore, but in vain. In the morning the blazing sun rose and the natives pushed their boats out to sea; miles down the beach the white sand was empty—void of all life.

* * *

Mr. Roy cleared his throat. "Years later the cabin was found by white people and in it were these pearls—not a great many—in fact, only enough for a child's string; but they were sold to us and the story has come to us, too, in bits, picked up from the tales of the natives. No trace was ever found of the girl, nor of her father and brother; it is just another mystery of India and the sea."

Jean was no longer watching the pearls; her head was buried in her grandfather's arms. Finally she whispered in his ear, "I believe the little girl would like the horse better after all."

"Perhaps she would like both," he answered. "The pearls will remind her of the little girl in India who couldn't have horses and pearls just for the asking."

The Cardinal

By Elsie Cook, '34

Whence comes that song of ecstasy
That rings so clear in rapturous glee;
That seems to penetrate my heart,
And thrills me with its naive art?
Enrapt, I listen to the notes
As softly trilled and low they float;
Till suddenly, with bursting song,
The echoes ring out loud and long!
Then, darting from his hidden perch
Within the boughs of the white birch,
A dash of red—away he flies—
And disappears in azure skies!
And though again he ne'er return,
His song within my heart will burn!

JUNIORS SCHOOL CHAMPIONS

VARSITY TEAMS

FRESHMAN
FIRST AND SECOND

SENIOR FIRST

SENIOR SECOND

SOPHOMORE FIRST AND SECOND

Athletics

THURSDAY, MARCH 1— EASTERN VS. SOUTHERN

Southern High School's A team was easily outclassed by our "Champs" at Southern High School by a score of 52 to 4. Southern got few chances at the basket, and scored only once in the entire game, the other points being gotten by free shots. Alvera Bolland, forward, scored 34 points with the aid of Elizabeth Lieb, who kept "feeding" the ball to her.

Eastern's B team lost its game by a score of 19 to 14. At the end of the first half, Eastern's B team was in the lead, the score being 11 to 5. In the second half, Southern held Eastern scoreless while they scored nine points. This game was much more interesting than the A game because there was closer competition and more determination on the part of both teams to win the game.

THURSDAY, MARCH 15— EASTERN VS. WESTERN

The "Champs" proved victorious in their last game of the season, defeating Western by a score of 18 to 17. This gives Eastern the championship of the Baltimore Public School Girls' Basket Ball League, for the thirteenth successive year. Twelve of these titles were won under the Play-

ground Athletic League and the first one, in 1921, was independent.

Eastern was held scoreless the first quarter. At the beginning of the second half, Elizabeth Lieb tied the score at 11-all. Then Alvera Bolland and Elizabeth Lieb started a flurry of scoring, which lasted until the end of the game. During the whole game, our guards exhibited the same clever guarding. Anna Mae Rowland, center, displayed some wonderful pass work from the center to her forwards. Western's team, in the last quarter, began to lose their grip, and the forwards started passing and shooting wildly. The tenseness of the contest was finally ended by the blowing of the whistle and by the referee's announcing of the score as 18 to 17 in favor of our "Champs."

Eastern's B team lost to Western's B team by a score of 12 to 8. These two teams were very well matched, and showed some good playing.

This game with Western was probably the most interesting and exciting game of the season. The spectators could scarcely control their enthusiasm. Eastern is proud of her undefeated "Champs."

Eleventh Annual Interscholastic Basketball Tournament results according to points are as follows:

Eastern	15
Western	14
Southern	5
Forest Park	2

INTERCLASS BASKETBALL

March 3—Seniors vs. Juniors.

In the first interclass match of the season, the Junior A team proved themselves victorious over the Senior A team by two points, the score being 14 to 12. Both teams were very well matched, and there was a great possibility that there would be a tie score. The Senior B team won over the Junior B by a narrow margin. The score was 9 to 8. Thus the match was a divided one, first honors going to the Juniors.

March 9—Sophomores vs. Freshmen.

Although the Freshies put up a good fight, the Sophomores outclassed them by a score of 64 to 22. Quite a few of the girls on each team look promising for future Eastern teams. The results of the B game were also one-sided, the score being 35 to 12, in favor of the Sophomores. Even though the Freshies did lose, good sportsmanship was shown by every player on the team. Better luck next year, Freshmen.

Juniors vs. Sophomores.

The luck of the Sophomore A team changed when they played the Juniors. They were defeated by a score of 57 to 17. During the first half, the Sophomores were in the lead, but then the Junior team began to make use of their good teamwork, which meant that the Sophies were doomed.

The Sophomore B team gained a victory over the Senior B team by a score of 20 to 6. The Seniors appeared to be ill at ease, while the Sophomores showed self-control and god teamwork.

The champions of the Interclass Tournament are the Junior A team and the Sophomore B team.

1935 TURNS TO DRAMATICS

(*Continued from Page* 111)

Jerry O'Brien, an office boy ..... Elizabeth Hines
Miss Bliss, an unusual old lady who is very fond of detective stories ..... Mary Middleton
Thomson Williams, a "budding" poet ..... Catherine Cummings
Miss Doty, an exacting head of the book department ..... Doris Unglaub
Mr. Royce, the gentleman with the patent-leather skullcap ..... Alvera Bolland
A Gentleman from New York, democratic and aristocratic ..... Elvira Piacentino

Mr. Williams has promised to allow his son to take up writing as a vocation, if anyone will buy a copy of the book which he has had published. Three of these books are sent to the book department of Thomson, Williams, and Company where Miss Emily Gray, because of her love for Thomson, sells three of them in less than three hours. Mr. Williams, incognito, comes to the book shop and is quite attracted to the girl, whom Thomson finally announces is his fiancée. Mr. Williams gives his consent to their marriage, and keeps his promise of allowing his son to give up a business career to write.

We congratulate Miss Holmes for her fine selections and excellent coaching, and the Class of 1935 on its fine dramatic ability.

M. F.

A senior of old Eastern High,
To her homeroom intended to fly,
She ran through the hall,
And took such a fall
That dignity, hurt, passed her by.

AS OTHERS SEE US

Although we are not accustomed to publishing what our exchanges say about us, we thought it might be of interest to the school to let some other school publications comment on us; so we are including four comments which have recently been sent to us.

From the *Libertas* of Bethlehem High School, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, we read:

THE EASTERN ECHO, of Baltimore, Maryland, contains a number of fine short stories. In addition, the illustrations do much to improve your already well developed edition.

The Crimson and Gray, of the Mary E. Wells High School, Southbridge, Massachusetts, makes the following comments:

THE EASTERN ECHO
Eastern High School
Baltimore, Maryland.

For a short while we also become vagabonds and follow the roads through which you lead us, experiencing the same thrill over the beautiful panoramas we behold on the way, especially over "Starry Spheres."

There are many laughs to be had—

Here comes Francis Drake to tell his "Tale of the Nancy Lee." One meets many "Common Vagabonds" on the road. Ah! A car! Oh—it's only "Dorcas," who has a severe case of inferiority complex when going up hills—there go our hopes of following our "Soul to Cathay."

We have plenty of adventures—

"A Floater" or a "Scholastic Vagabond" leads us to Devil Toe Island, where we witness the "Capture of Macbeth," and see "The Arielia." On the way we found these "Loose Leaves from a Hitchhiker's Diary."

We stand spellbound at "Autumn's Enchantment," listen to "The Song of the Leaves," and hear "The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd."

Although "Time Goes Vagabonding," this is our "Fourth Week Out," and we have reached "The End of the Road," so we must needs return to the present and praise the way in which you Eastern girls have conducted your vagabonding tour.

From far-off Lucknow, India, we find in the *Chand Bagh Chronicle* of Isabella Thoburn College:

EASTERN ECHO—Published by the students of the Eastern High Schol, Baltimore, Maryland.

We think that your magazine is an excellent one. It shows a great deal of energetic work, faithfully contributed by the students. Congratulations on the large amount of literary material, poetry, jokes, and illustrations. Why not give us some more athletic news which we should love to get? We especially appreciate the poems, "A Toast to the West," "The Mississippi," "America the Beautiful"; the stories—"Mist and Embers," |'The Wishing Well"; and the essays, "Underneath the Arches," "Hail, America!" We laughed heartily at the jokes column, especially the "School Girls' Diary," which was most amusing.

Your magazine casts a good impression on us because it shows much variety and the matter is arranged methodically. The designs done by the girls are worthy of credit and the EASTERN ECHO staff must feel they have accomplished some work when a number has been finally issued!

V. D.

The last comment which we are including is taken from the *High School Record* of Camden High School, Camden, New Jersey.

EASTERN ECHO—Baltimore, Maryland.

Your fine department in art
Has certainly done its part.
Your issue is quite unique
For one better we don't seek.

Let's give this magazine a great big hand. You've done splendidly. Your stories, poetry, and school news have been written in an individual manner.

As We see Others

HIGH SCHOOL RECORD, Camden High School, Camden, New Jersey:

Your magazine as a whole is very well organized. Why not include more stories, longer ones particularly? "Record Recordings" were cleverly written, and so were your Exchanges.

THE CRIMSON AND GRAY, Mary E. Wells High School, Southbridge, Massachusetts:

May we suggest your adding longer stories to your well-planned magazine? How enjoyable your reviews were, and what a great many "Athletics!" Why not more "Prattle"? Your varied types of Exchange criticisms are to be commended.

LIBERTAS, Bethlehem High School, Bethlehem, Pennsylvania:

The drawings in your issue were very effective, but we looked for more. "Mary Does Her Homework" and "Surprise" were good. The outstanding editorials were "After High School—What?" and "Independence." Why don't you have more exchanges?

OPTIMIST, South Side High School, Newark, New Jersey:

The art work adds an interesting touch to your issue. However, don't you think that you include too many jokes in comparison to the amount of literary work. The school news and "Bookshelf" were very well written.

GOLDEN ROD, Quincy Senior High School, Boston, Massachusetts:

Your feature "Hobby" was an unusual one. Most enjoyable and outstanding were "King of Hobbies" and "Loyalty," although the remaining literary work was also very good. The news arrangement is quite unique. May we suggest book reviews and exchanges for your publication?

OLD HUGHES, Hughes High School, Cincinnati, Ohio:

We enjoyed reading your "City" issue greatly. The drawings and photographs add much to a magazine which contains fine literary work. However, we looked for more jokes!

THE REGIS MONTHLY, Regis High School, New York, New York:

"On Doughnuts" was cleverly written, and we found it most enjoyable. Your essays and poetry are fine, but why not include some stories to improve your magazine? You should be commended for your many sports' activities. Where is your joke department?

THE PURPLE QUILL, Ball High School, Galveston, Texas:

Your Stone Age Number was quite entertaining. The stories and essays were well written, but we liked "On Being the Eldest" best.

THE CHAND BAGH CHRONICLE, Isabella Thoburn College, Lucknow, India:

Your attractive cover makes us interested in your magazine at once. The material was arranged excellently, and we enjoyed every bit, especially "'Une." Your publication is well written, and you should be proud of it. Where are your exchanges this time?

THE BABU LAL, Jaiswal High School, Mirzapur, India:

We enjoyed reading the material in your magazine very much, especially "The Early History of Our Earth." "The Play of Number" was an interesting feature. Why not include some poetry and illustrations in your next issue?

THE WILSONIAN, Woodrow Wilson High School, Camden, New Jersey:

Your issue was an extremely attractive one. "Do You Wanna Buy a Duck," "To a Mouse," and "Larry's Sacrifice" were very enjoyable. "Student Opinion" is a splendid addition. We congratulate you on publishing so complete a magazine.

"RETROSPECT"

(*Continued from Page 66*)

libraries make these accessible to even the poorest person; that music is an exciting adventure; that movies are good, bad, or indifferent, and that she must choose wisely in order to get the best; that there are such things as recreation centers where sports are emphasized; and that no matter how much time she may have there will always be interests, cultivated in school, which may be satisfied. The graduate knows after twelve years just what she can do. She has developed ability in some subjects and, perhaps, has discovered unsuspected talents. She has found herself.

Was it worth it all? Yes, emphatically yes. All the worries and all the pleasures balance and leave one with a sympathetic outlook on life, an eagerness to do one's part for his fellow-men, and, finally, the desire as well as the training needed to achieve one's goal.

Loose Leaves From A Cabin Boy's Diary

April 1: Just got a new job today, but didn't like the way the Captain stopped his conversation with the First-Mate and said, "Yes, here's one—" I later found out that they were discussing April fools.

June 26: The S. S. Eastern set sail today. Would I were still on terra drya where men are men, or least where there are men. Seniors from E. H. S. have taken over the ship. Another day like this and I'll be done for. This morning I heard a female voice say, "Look, girls, the Captain!" When I came to, I was sitting on the deck in a daze. I saw skirts moving away and heard excited voices talking about scrapbooks. Looking down at myself, I saw with horror that my brass buttons and the braid on my sleeve and hat had disappeared.

June 29: Today we practiced the "man overboard" stunt, as is usual on all voyages. The Captain was surprised because no one came out on deck. On passing the library,where the wise Seniors were holding a meeting, I heard someone say, "Don't go out, girls; there's not a male passenger on board. They're just trying to put one over on us, but we'll show them that they can't fool a Senior."

June 30: While on deck this morning, I overheard Miss N. saying that the greatest magnetic attraction for graduate molecules seemed to be the home. Sooner or later, regardless of other attractions, most of them turned back and came home. Wise, what?

July 3: Rained today. The Seniors had to amuse themselves indoors. Found two of them disappearing down a stairway over which was a sign, "Positively do not descend." About three minutes later I saw them scrambling up the steps again, almost knocking down the First Mate. From their expressions I don't imagine they found the Chinese cook very amiable. Wonder how they followed "Up" and "Down" signs at Eastern.

July 7: These Seniors might *think* they know it all when they receive their diplomas! Some sweet young thing asked me today to let her know when the tide came in so that she could close her port hole.

July 10: These passengers seem to think that *all* knowledge comes from books. One fair-haired girl was fishing over the rail today, with a rod and reel in one hand and Morrison's "Handbook for Fisherman" in the other.

July 11: Marie Seippel, in all seriousness, confided her suspicion to me of a certain sailor's insanity. She claimed that the man had said that he would meet her on the bridge—right out here in the middle of the ocean. Just imagine!

July 12: Carolyn L. was in a quandary today when one of the deck hands told her that he was going to scrub the bridge deck.

July 15: Margaret Carter was caught making a thorough search of the ship today, supposedly looking for the ship's hands.

July 16: Miss Z. fell overboard today while leaning over the railing and surveying the depths in a vain endeavor to photograph a shark *indoors*. Better stick to cats!

July 20: Passed by the Grand Salon about 9 o'clock this morning, and it was filled to overflowing. My, those female passengers surely have a strange sense of humor! Imagine laughing at a girl impersonating a wall, and another holding up a tree! I discovered later that a very dignified and tragic drama, "Pyramus and Thisbe," was being

presented. Perhaps the laughter that ensued from the passengers' lips is a new way of expressing grief. Well, we live and learn!

July 22: It seems that some of our steamer rugs were misplaced today. A lady asked me to get hers; but as I couldn't find it, I brought her a blanket instead. When I explained to her, "All right," she said absent-mindedly, "but this design needs some stroking." Whereupon she began to trace imaginary lines upon it. I got away as fast as I could. How was I to know that she was art editor of some famous magazine or other?

July 30: There was a radiogram this morning for the blonde in D1 cabin. When I delivered it, I was informed that she could always be found in Cabin 3, Second Deck. Imagine my surprise on seeing her cleaning up the desk with such precision, being careful not to overturn the coca-cola which reposed there.

August 1: The most pitiful case on board is that of a beautiful woman who is mentally unbalanced. It seems that she "got that way" in her teens after trying to live up to a speech about extracting dues painlessly. Dear soul! She threatens all on board that they won't be able to go to Prom if they don't give her their ten cent pieces.

August 2: This afternoon I heard a cry of "Man overboard!" I rushed to the deck to see who it was. It was none other than Bernice Pula. I waited for the sailors to throw over a line, but they didn't seem to care whether she drowned or not. However, it was soon learned that she had just won ten dollars for handing in an original joke to the ECHO, and that she had it on her person. I've never seen such a rush to save a person in my life.

August 3: Upon entering the lounge this afternoon, I saw the Seniors gathered about a dark-haired girl, who was giving a lecture of some sort. "The ECHO this time is colossal, gigantic, stupendous," I heard her say. Imagine a mere echo being colossal or stupendous!

August 5: Luncheon over—what a relief! There was so much rushing around and one of the waiters was quite upset when a tall, fair-haired lady who, I'm told, is co-partner of the ship, imperiously commanded, "Garcon, bring me a lobster; I haven't seen one since I was in New England last summer." Immediately the stupid wretch rushed to the cook and told him that one of the passengers had said that Miss Norment's teas were much more delectable than the ship's collation. The poor cook was so upset that he absent-mindedly dried a dish on a beautiful red and white banner floating outside the port hole, whereupon he was severely chastised by a small but formidable lady who ceased her writing of a play long enough to express righteous indignation.

August 20: I'm beginning to weary of this trip. I've no freedom. Why, I was quietly and unobtrusively chewing a piece of Wrigley's gum, a good brand at that, when a very tall and scholarly-looking lady passed by. She noticed the gentle but persistent motion of my jaws and, throwing up her hands in horror, exclaimed, "Per Deos Immortales—even on the briny deep!" and bid me be rid of it instantly.

September 1: The passengers on this ship are an odd sort. Everyone was dancing in the ballroom after dinner when suddenly a great cry arose for a speech from the owner of the ship. The owner, a tall, dark-haired, stern-looking lady stepped on the platform. She ended her speech with, "This will be our last trip together, and after four years of such delightful and interesting friendships, it will be difficult to say good-bye. However, this is not time for sadness. We will conclude with the 'Star-Spangled Banner' and march out to the tune of the School song." When she said this, everyone shouted with glee, and the lady blushed terribly.

HEARD AROUND EASTERN

Senior, on entering study hall: "Where do we sleep this period?"

Biology student to a neighbor, (dissecting a worm): "Let me see your kidneys."

* * *

"A little girl was cooking oatmeal by the window. A little boy went by. The oatmeal burned." Example of our English teacher's explanation of inductive thinking.

Student: "Where will we find the books that you have referred to, Miss B——?

Miss B——: "Upon Miss S——'s chest in the back of the room."

* * *

Teacher: How was the French empire increased in 1810?

Pupil: A son was born to the Emperor.

* * *

From the history class—"Benjamin Franklin was baptized in a snow storm."

In The Manhole

A Drama In One Act

Cast

Villain ..... Betty Rubin
Heroine ..... Eleanor Vomastek
Hero ..... Marian Dobler

Properties

Ladder ..... Dorothy Roycroft
Moon ..... Frances Oehm
Storm ..... Edwina Rose

Scene

A house. To the left—a ladder, leaning against the house. To the right—a moon. Right front—a manhole.

SCENE I

As the curtain rises, the villain is seen dragging the heroine across the stage, from the right, by her hair. This is being done for reasons known only to the villain and heroine. When they pass the manhole, the hero's head appears from within the manhole. As the villain continues to drag the heroine across the stage by her hair, the hero shouts, "Where are you going with my woman?"

Curtain

SCENE II

Same as Scene I. The storm arises from behind the moon, and forces the hero into the manhole again. It then attacks the fleeing pair, and they too are forced to seek shelter from the storm in the manhole.

Curtain

SCENE III

In the manhole. A terrible argument is going on between the villain and the hero. The heroine, being a woman, is in a frightful condition because she is unable to get a word in edgewise!

Curtain

SCENE IV

Same as Scene I. The storm subsides and the moon reappears. The hero and the villain come out of the manhole and a hand-to-hand fight takes place. From within the manhole comes the voice of the heroine, which causes them to pause and listen. "Come down and see me some time," she says. They both rush for the manhole, bump heads in their hurry, and the force of the blow "knocks out" completely the pair.

Curtain

SCENE V

Same as Scene III. The heroine is fuming because there is no apparent way for her to get out of the manhole. Great volumes of steam arise and leave the manhole by the only exit. However, the ladder falls for the lovely heroine. This provides a method of escape. But instead of being gracious, the heroine walks all over the ladder, and up into the outer air.

Curtain

SCENE VI

Same as Scene 4. Since the heroine is a senior in Eastern High School she believes in "Seeking the higher things." Accordingly she reaches for moon, now risen above the subsided storm.

Curtain

THE END.

Let Aunt Mehitable Solve Your Problems

DEAR AUNT MEHITABLE,
I never could understand Roman numerals. What is LXXXXX?

SILLY LIL

DEAR LIL,
You don't know? Why, it's love and kisses.

AUNT MEHITABLE

DEAR AUNT MEHITABLE,
What do you advise for nervousness?

SAINT VITIS

DEAR VITIS,
Doing homework regularly. For further details send a self-addressed envelope, together with a stamp.

AUNT MEHITABLE

DEAR AUNT MEHITABLE,
Please give me the definition of a vagabond and also an example.

NOSEY NATALIE

DEAR NOSEY NATALIE,
A vagabond is an aimless ambler and for an example you may take any one of the dignified seniors from 112 as seen after 3.30.

AUNT MEHITABLE

Well-known History teacher during lecture:
"Then our Whigs began to go to pieces."

Heard in the music room—a girl singing—
"The Lord is mindful of His own,
He resembles His children."

MODERN POPULAR SONGS

(*Continued from Page* 94)

This deathless bit of pathos is part of a moving air entitled "The Curse of an Aching Heart." To do America justice, I do not believe that this song would gain widespread favor today. Then there is the "silly" or supposedly "humorous" song (the latter adjective is superior here, for all of the songs, I fear, are "silly"). The only drawback to this type is that of utter bewilderment as to what it is all about. Many other types delight the music lover's ear: the Harlem song, the ambiguous, the "exotic" (O ironic epithet!), the "moon" songs, the "Egyptian" airs, and the "hill-billy" tune, etc.

In reference to the modern popular songs, one thing alone cheers me. I have the honor to live in an America whose fair name is sullied with perhaps only several millions of these blaring banalities. Years after I have been "laid gently away," the inevitable popular songs will be sweeping the country still. Therefore, I console myself with comforting thoughts as to the degradation of worthy citizens of this mighty and discriminating nation two hundred years hence, when America will have many, many more of these "snappy" compositions to her discredit.

GO OUT TO MEET YOUR SHIP

Somewhere in this vast ocean of space surrounding us are treasure ships sailing about, each seeking its harbor and its owner. Few of these vessels find their ports and possessors without having a tug come out to meet them and navigate them to an anchorage. If the owner depends solely on fate to lead his ship to him, he will usually be disappointed.

During these days of struggle and of the survival of the fittest, when good positions are scarce, only the weaklings sit home in rocking chairs with their hands folded. Their idea seems to be that if destiny has a job in store for them in this world, it will appear before them. Once in a long time this may seem to happen but, as a rule, if you want to be successful, you are the person who has to be on the lookout for the opportunities. You are the one who has to win your teacher's or employer's favor, and do what he tells you to do, and more besides. Then, in the end, you are likely to win the victory.

Be the tugboat which will steer your vessel to harbor. Don't wait for your ship to come in; go out to meet it.

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SENIOR BRILLIANCE

The U. S. is in a terrible, extemporaneous condition.

The body and soul are two contemporaneous things.

The scrutiny of the old mummy was very deliberate.

Pneumonia caught on top of a cold will cause one to deteriorate.

Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette went tottering to the throne. (Climbed the tottering throne, according to history.)

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